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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855.

REVIEWS

Maud, and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Moxon.

'MAUD' is a mystery—a parable—an allegory. But the mystery resides in the form of the poem, rather than in the meaning. The fashion of the verse,—written in a score of varying metres, wild, fantastic and provoking,—sometimes running into rhymes and cadences the very soul of music,—sometimes stumbling over words and phrases that defy modulation,—closely resembles the fashion of the thought it clothes. This last is shifting, morbid, and entangled as the phantasmagoria of a dream; while the meanings which it involves, and which come out clear at last, are literal as a Judge's summary. Even in the wildest rhapsodies of the 'Princess' Mr. Tennyson has never been so careless, visionary, and unreal as in this poetical treatment of a plain, popular and literal theme. 'Maud' is an allegory of the War.

A Voice recites the poem:—the Voice of one who appears restless, morbid, uncontent, vexed with himself, vexed with the world,—conscious of much moral abasement, conscious also of high spiritual aspirations. This Voice, we take it, is meant to represent the Present Age. Maud is the theme of the rhapsody,—a gay, ideal, delicate creature—meant, we suppose, to represent the Hope of the world, and to embody all of Goodness and of Beauty that remains in a barren age. Maud is pure and faithful:—but the Voice is fitful in its passion, dubious, torturing and sarcastic. The heart under it is unholy, and demands the purgatorial fires. War comes at length:—in fire and slaughter it sees a means of salvation; and it accepts with joy the baptism of blood. Only through such a fiery furnace does it see its way to a new and better life.

Bacon, in one of his most subtle passages, declares that War is "the highest trial of Right." In the large sense it may be so. But our poet goes beyond the philosopher: he not merely vindicates War as an arbitration,—terrible, yet necessary, when pride and passion will not bow to reason,—but he appeals to it as an instrument of good, as a divine means for the accomplishment of a divine purpose. Wordsworth is less devout in his worship of Slaughter. Flashing cannon, marshalled legions, ships of war, appear to Mr. Tennyson—or at least to the poetic Voice which utters his thought—like hosts of angels sent to save the world. To him the Declaration of War was the sound of a new gospel.

Here is solemn matter. Doubtless, something of high sound and sacred authority may be urged in support of such a fable. Under the Old World dispensation,—when too much calm and too prolonged prosperity engendered their peculiar vices,—men were often told to light the camp fires, and flaming swords were sent abroad, like storms at sea, like electrical explosions on shore, to break the moral calm and purify the air. Peace corrupts. In a stagnant atmosphere man declines. Ages find their Capuas as well as armies. Nor can it be denied that it is chiefly in days of war and suffering the human mind makes it springs of progress. Those periods of the world to which we refer as Intellectual Epochs—when the greatest triumphs of song, of eloquence, of art, have been achieved, and the human soul has thrown its types of beauty into immortal shapes—have all been marked by mighty wars. When the Hebrews forgot to conquer their poets forgot to sing. When the Greeks ceased to fight they ceased to create. All that was left of Roman genius

expired under the long peace of the Antonines. One law seems written in the history of every race. Jerusalem—Athens—Rome—everywhere it is the same: the last poet, orator, historian, artist, fell on the last battlefield. Material wealth may have increased after the Temple of Janus was finally closed in Rome,—the banquets may have grown more gorgeous,—the roses may have fallen more bounteously on the garlanded guests,—but the soul of the nation languished, as the spirit of a traveller does in a dead calm in the tropics. Your laurel, it may be, will not blossom under the shadow of the palm.

A truth, if it be a truth, must be universal. Is it true, then, that in our own country—with the story of which we are most familiar—the eras of war have been the eras of intellectual activity and of moral progress? On such a point it would become no man to dogmatize; yet facts must be received. On looking back along the lines of our intellectual history, it is impossible to avoid seeing how distinctly four periods are marked by marvellous literary activity:—the age of Shakspeare and Bacon, the age of Milton and Butler, the age of Pope and Swift, the age of Byron and Scott,—and equally impossible is it to deny that these ages were intensely martial and troubled. The Spanish War produced Shakspeare,—vigorous, infinite, picturesque; the Spanish peace produced Beaumont,—facile, turgid, and corrupt. The Civil War gave us Milton,—the Restoration Cleveland. Blenheim and Ramilies inspired Swift, Addison and Pope;—with the return of peace we got Hayley and Darwin. The French Revolution, Marengo, Austerlitz, and Waterloo sent us a host of great men, from Burke to Byron;—since the peace what have we produced? Mr. Martin Tupper and Mr. Robert Montgomery are the Cleveland and Hayley of our day,—the poets of uncounted editions. Like the Romans after their great wars, we have a splendid material prosperity (shaded by an ever-increasing gourd of social misery). We have built ships—railways—palaces; but where do we see evidence of healthy, vigorous literary desire? Look at our drama, that point of the intellectual world lying nearest to the masses, most readily obeying its impulse, catching its colour. Our drama is no more. The old English vitality, the old English passion, character and humour are unknown on the stage. Even Shakspeare has become a clothes-horse for the theatrical tailor. Vicious translations from vicious French comedies satisfy the public craving:—nay, the public is unconscious of the shame of yielding to our neighbours this portion of our intellectual empire. We import our learning from Germany,—our art from Italy,—our singers from Sweden,—our dancers from Spain. We are abdicating our intellectual thrones. Great books are no longer written: great passions no longer stir us. Something is deeply rotten in our state of Denmark. For such result there must be cause. What is the cause? Mr. Tennyson tells us, in his allegory of 'Maud,' that we are rotting with Peace.

His arraignment of the age is severe and vigorous,—full of coarse facts,—and is conveyed in lines as uncouth and unmusical as the things enumerated:—

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.
Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust:
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex,
like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,

And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.
And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits

To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.
When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,

War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.
For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced smugnosd rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

This description, drawn, we suppose, from the pages of Messrs. Cruikshank, Mayhew, and Ledru Rollin, is pronounced by the Voice. The morbid, hateful and tiresome personage—possibly meant by Mr. Tennyson to be morbid, hateful and tiresome—who is represented by the Voice, after describing the age, describes himself,—its offspring.—

Am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen first
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

Maud is the ideal of this perplexed hero—the Goodness and Beauty of an evil time, surrounded by unworthy things,—a brother, whom Mr. Tennyson describes as—

That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull;
—and a lover,

—a lord, a captain, a padded shape—
A bought commission, a waxen face—
A rabbit mouth that is ever apace.

This Maud is ever present, ever beautiful, to the imagination of the personage who owns the Voice:—proud, joyous, aspiring in her own simplicity and healthful vigour.—

A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call;
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

He shuns her in dread, and yet in warmest love. He listens to the angel singing of high deeds and noble sacrifice; but his soul, unworthy of her faith, is troubled with doubt. In all this there is something exquisitely mystical and attractive.—

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hussies cloud,
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd,
Caught and cuff'd by the gale:
I had fancied it would be fair.

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-end
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not return'd.

And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light
Through the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
Ready to burst in a colour'd flame;
Till at last when the morning came
In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight.

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquetish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old,
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net
And fawn at a victor's feet.

Maud's father gives a grand political dinner,
—as the fashion of the time is—to which the
Voice is not invited. He wanders, however, into
her garden, and, towards the close of the revel,
calls her forth in her loose apparel—this Egeria
of the woods. The invocation pronounced by
the lover in the garden is very beautiful and
delicate.—

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud;
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay;
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I aware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late';
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear';
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthen bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Maud is followed into the garden by her
brother "the Assyrian Bull," who insults the
lover and is killed in a duel. The murderer flies
into France, where he utters a good deal of poetry
on the sea-shore, and at last returns to England,
dies, is buried, and is disturbed in his grave. At
the close we find the story is a vision—a dream
within a dream,—and we then come to the
application, its bearing on the war. This we
must give as the gist of the fable.—

And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the
right,

That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire;
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat,
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
And I stood on a giant dead and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done;
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

Before we part with 'Maud' we must extract
one piece of character-painting—the original of
which we should not have far to seek—and the
expression of a hope, now rapidly forming in
many minds.—

Last week came one to the county town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings,
Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well:
This broad-brim'd hawk of holy things,
Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton, and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence!
Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by.
One still strong man, a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Enough of such an argument. Mr. Tenny-
son's volume contains several smaller poems as
well as 'Maud,' some of which, 'Ode on the
Death of the Duke of Wellington,' and 'The
Charge of the Light Brigade,' for example, have
been printed before. 'The Brook' is a pretty
Idyl, pretty and nothing more; 'The Letters'
are sad, sweet, memorial-like. 'The Daisy'—
a poem descriptive of an Italian tour—is of
scarcely higher quality; but it deals with less
familiar images, and we quote it entire. The
poem was written, as a note informs us, at
Edinburgh.—

O love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbia show'd
In ruin, by the mountain road;
How like a gem, beneath the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd!
How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.
What slender campanilli grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;
Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,
Yet present in his natal grove,
Now watching high on mountain cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,
Now pacing mute by ocean's rim;
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleas'd us most,
Not the clasp palm of which they boast;
But distant colour, happy hamlet,
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,
Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green;
Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,
Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;

And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far off on a mountain head.
We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,
Those niched shapes of noble mould,
Those princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genoveses of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours;
What drives about the fresh Cascine,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we cross'd the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain;
Of rain at Reggio, at Parma;
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard plains;
Forth-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the glooms, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!
I climb'd the roofs at break of day:
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.

I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.
How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencil'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last
To Como; shower and storm and blast
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded; and how we past
From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxumæ, all the way.

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on The Larian crept
To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;
Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,
The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall Agavé above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drove,
But ere we reach'd the highest summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.
O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer beyond the sea;
So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold:
Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
This nursing of another sky
Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by:
And I forgot the clouded North,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

Little more is to be said in the way of criti-

cism:—and that little we add with great reluctance. This volume is not worthy of its author. Not a few lines, even in the passages we have quoted, are singularly harsh, broken and unmusical. Less of finish is observable in the structure and emendation of the verse. Less of brightness in the fancy—less of tenderness in the pathos—less of quaintness in the thought—are also noticeable. Yet there are also, as we have shown, occasional sweetness of line—originality of conception—characteristic dreaminess of movement, and individual colour in the poetry of 'Maud.' We rank Mr. Tennyson's muse so high that we unwillingly receive from her any song which is less than perfect.

The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. 2 vols. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by Richard Doyle. Bradbury & Evans.

Mr. Thackeray's fourth novel, now complete, furnishes little new matter for the critic. His one view of life and manners, his habitual mode of balancing good and evil, are not consistent with the variety expected from a fertile and popular novelist. Few stories are more charming to read in separate pages than tales by the Author of 'The Newcomes,'—few, when read in chapters or in volumes, glide out of the grasp of attention with such slippery ease. During the larger portion of the book before us our hearts are neither with Charles Honeyman, nor Clive Newcome, nor Barnes the diabolical, nor the simple Colonel. We are trying to audit the complicated account of motives and actions propounded by our calculator,—to "check him" in his statements of debtor and creditor—in his apportionments of Honesty and Humbug. We are arrested by some brilliant piece of writing—by some ingenious mosaic where cynicism is imbedded in the midst of pathos; and while we pause to admire, to discriminate lights from shades, behold!—the tale and all the cares and concerns of its actors vanish like a dream. Yet this manner of proceeding is not inevitable to its author owing to any natural incapacity on his part to manage a story. Mr. Thackeray has few contemporaries who, when they are themselves wrought up, can work up their readers to emotion more certainly than he can. The return to the Curzon Street Casino of *Raudon Crawley* from the sponging-house in Cursitor Street is a masterpiece among scenes, though told without a word of theatrical exaggeration. Thus, too, in the last two numbers of 'The Newcomes,' when it became necessary for the novelist seriously to bend himself to the business of his tale—since otherwise it could never have been wound up—it is curious to see how the *poco-curante* humour vanishes in favour of something more direct, more earnest, more narrative, and less speculative:—how we are surprised into eager attention and quick remonstrance,—and fling down the book at last with an angry protest at the manner in which its finest character passes from life under the shadow of wrong and petty tyranny; bearing these with the resignation of a heart which, however humble and just it be, is therefore not the less a broken heart! A novelist who can thus stir the blood, and quicken the sympathies, of readers well used to arts of display and stratagems of effect, deals unfairly by his own gifts and his own calling as an artist in loitering, be it ever so humorously, philosophically, picturesquely. We do not demand course after course, as dinner-givers say, of striking events and exciting emotions;—but a story, after all, should be a story, and not an essay,—not a handful of characters for Mr. Thackeray to lecture upon, illustrating *Sir Roger's* philosophy, "much may be said on both sides."

The title of 'The Newcomes' indicates that it is another attempt to define "Respectability" as something different in its nature and bearings from what the world dreams:—another story of solemn dullness and smooth hypocrisy—of love forced into market by mercenary ambition—of honour trusting, craving for affection, planning beneficences, toiling to complete them, failing, and its star going out under a cloud. The life of the one man among the three Newcome brothers (if Man and Virtue mean the same thing), the simple brave soldier, is a failure from first to last,—a failure in love—a failure in the schemes of happiness his kind heart had loved to plan for others. If Thomas Newcome does not die in gloom and in sorrow, it is only because he is more of a saint than any of his companions—than, we fear, most real men. We will not suppose that his fate was planned by Mr. Thackeray in order that he might show us Patience in fallen fortunes, so beautifully framed as it is in the following picture.—

"Mention has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school,—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up,—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In the chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time; an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood. The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel to hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of our time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us would kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight,—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codd's, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in child-

hood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one; one of the Psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners: and amongst them—amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome. His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this Alms-House! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that."

We are no wholesale lovers of the poetical justice so liberally dispensed by elder novelists; and it is well from time to time to remind all who struggle, that to bear defeat may be nobler than to win the battle,—but still the end of Thomas Newcome's career is unnecessarily painful.

Our mention of this good, unworldly man—who has been intended, perhaps, as a companion study to the *Major* in 'Pendennis'—leads us naturally to touch on our favourite group of characters in the novel. These are the De Floracs. The sketch of Thomas Newcome's early love, the French Countess—compelled to make a marriage of ambition, but true throughout life to the heart which had affianced itself to hers in exile—is perfect, though only a sketch. A foreign air and perfume cling about this character as hard to describe, but as unmistakeable as those that authenticate the book—the knot of faded ribbon—the old-fashioned, half-forgotten miniature which those of a younger generation find when they are called upon to examine the hoards and relics of some departed relative. Nor is her son, Paul de Florac, less French in his brilliant way. Whether his fortunes be at high or low water mark,—whether he be rakish or domestic, old or young,—this incomparable Gaul keeps up the character of his country. Here he is (merely to illustrate our praise) playing at English country life, on the estate of the Manchester Lady, whom misfortune had made him marry for her money.—

"I have seen nothing more amusing, odd, and pleasant than Florac at the time of his prosperity. We arrived, as this veracious chronicle has already asserted, on a Saturday evening. We were conducted to our most comfortable apartments; with crackling fires blazing on the hearths, and every warmth of welcome. Florac expanded and beamed with good-nature. He shook me many times by the hand; he patted me; he called me his good—his brave. He cried to his *maitre-d'hôtel*, 'Frédéric, remember Monsieur is master here! Run before his orders. Prostrate thyself to him. He was good to me in the days of my misfortune. Hearst thou, Frederick? See that everything be done for Monsieur Pendennis—for Madame sa charmante lady—for her angelic infant, and the bonne. None of thy garrison tricks with that young person, Frédéric! vieux scélérat. Garde-toi de là, Frédéric, si non, je t'envoie à Botani Bay; je te traduis devant le Lord Maire!' 'En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois-tu, mon ami,' continued the Prince. 'Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir!' * * * Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast, when we went to church, a white great coat with a little cape, in which

garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely, — not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, 'as you love it, you others.' He got up boxing-matches; and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting language with admirable enthusiasm—drove over to cover with a *steppère*—rode across *countri* like a good one—was splendid in the hunting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the Hunt welcome at Rosebury. * * Florac's pleasure was to drive his Princess with four horses into Newcome. He called his carriage his 'trappe,' his 'drague.' The street boys cheered and hurraied the Prince as he passed through the town. One haberdasher had a yellow stock called 'The Moncontour' displayed in his windows; another had a pink one marked 'The Princely,' and as such recommended it to the young Newcome gents."

We must have a sketch of this glorious, Gallie Crichton at a later period of his history.

"On his father's death Florac went to Paris, to settle the affairs of the paternal succession; and, having been for some time absent in his native country, returned to Rosebury for the winter, to resume that sport of which he was a distinguished amateur. He hunted in black during the ensuing season; and, indeed, henceforth laid aside his splendid attire and his *altures* as a young man. His waist expanded, or was no longer confined by the cestus which had given it a shape. When he laid aside his black, his whiskers, too, went into a sort of half-mourning, and appeared in grey. 'I make myself old, my friend,' he said, pathetically; 'I have no more neither twenty years nor forty.' He went to Rosebury Church no more; but, with great order and sobriety, drove every Sunday to the neighbouring Catholic chapel at C—Castle. We had an ecclesiastic or two to dine with us at Rosebury, one of whom I am inclined to think was Florac's Director. A reason, perhaps, for Paul's altered demeanour, was the presence of his mother at Rosebury. No politeness or respect could be greater than Paul's towards the Countess. Had she been a sovereign princess, Madame de Florac could not have been treated with more profound courtesy than she now received from her son. I think the humbled lady could have dispensed with some of his attentions; but Paul was a personage who demonstrated all his sentiments, and performed his various parts in life with the greatest vigour. As a man of pleasure, for instance, what more active *roué* than he? As a *jeune homme*, who could be younger, and for a longer time? As a country gentleman, or an *homme d'affaires*, he insisted upon dressing each character with the most rigid accuracy, and an exactitude that reminded one somewhat of Bouffé, or Ferville, at the play. I wonder whether, when he is quite old, he will think proper to wear a pig-tail, like his old father? At any rate, that was a good part which the kind fellow was now acting, of reverence towards his widowed mother, and affectionate respect for her declining days. He not only felt these amiable sentiments, but he imparted them to his friends freely, as his wont was. He used to weep freely,—quite unrestrained by the presence of the domestics, as English sentiment would be;—and when Madame de Florac quitted the room after dinner, would squeeze my hand, and tell me, with streaming eyes, that his mother was an angel. 'Her life has been but a long trial, my friend,' he would say. 'Shall not I, who have caused her to shed so many tears, endeavour to dry some?'"

Ere we part from Mr. Thackeray as a master of the peculiarities of our brave and lively Allies, we may call attention to the skill and truth with which the other French characters—Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry and M. Castillones—are touched. *Mrs. O'Dowd*, in 'Vanity Fair,' is not more essentially military and Irish than the pair in question are romantic and French.

Other characters in 'The Newcomes' may be named, though they are less distinctly new,

perhaps, than the above. Sherrick, the good-natured vulgar proprietor of Lady Whittlesea's chapel,—with his musical wife and daughters, and his wine trade in the vaults, below the building,—is good. Mrs. Mackenzie, the tremendous mother-in-law, might have been invented, not for Mr. R. Doyle to illustrate, but Mr. Leech, —since who does not know how strong Mr. Leech is in the chapter of mothers-in-law? We cannot care so much for any of the young men:—one of them, Charles Honeyman, the sentimental popular preacher, was destined, possibly, for a more prominent part in the novel than he ultimately plays. Fred Bayham and the young Scotch Marquis we have met before, and have before learnt how a heart may beat under a coat out-at-the-elbows,—and, also, warm the blood that mounts to a head without brains, circled with a coronet. Ethel, the heroine, is but another *Blanche* or another *Beatrice*, redeemed from the ultimate ruin and discomfiture which befell Mr. Thackeray's earlier coquettes by somewhat more of real pride than they possessed,—and by a *coup-de-théâtre*, —for (as he points out himself in the last page), had not the wicked old Fairy Lady Kew died *à propos*, mischief would have happened past the power of novelist to cure.

Compendium of Chronology. By F. H. Jaquetmet. Edited by the Rev. John Alcorn. Longman & Co.

"The most important dates of General History, Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary, from the creation of the world to the end of 1854," are stated to have been crowded into this small volume. Many of the ancient dates might well have been omitted, or the entries respecting them have been shortened, especially those relating to Scripture history. Five lines of large type is rather too much to bestow on Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, and another five on Chedorlaomer's victory over the King of Sodom, when one or two lines can alone be given to the leading events of modern history. Besides this apparent want of proportion, the book has the air of having been compiled by some one whose reading has not been sufficiently general. The editor is, we doubt not, well versed in the literature of his profession—we take that for granted. Hence arise entries which give precise dates to the "Divine institution of Circumcision," the command to sacrifice Isaac, the sale of Joseph to the Midianites, and many facts of that kind. He has, also, a useful acquaintance with facts in the history of science. But, with respect to the history of our own country in modern times, there are indications, too palpable to be mistaken, that he is not so well acquainted with it as he ought to be. Our own references have been particularly unfortunate. We will give three examples. Under 1643, we find, "Archbishop Laud is impeached by the Commons, tried and beheaded." Now, Laud was impeached on the 18th of December, 1640; his trial began on the 12th of March, 1644; and he was beheaded on the 10th of January, 1645.

Again, upon what historical food can the editor have fed, not to have known the fictitiousness of the pretended *English Mercury* of the reign of Elizabeth? Yet here it stands, under "1588, First newspaper published in England, called the *English Mercury*."

Another curiosity stares us in the face in "1594:—the Bank of England is incorporated." How Mr. William Patterson will be astonished if this book of Mr. Alcorn's, or the present number of our Journal, should ever come to his knowledge!

If we regard the facts which are inserted as an index to the facts which ought to have

found a place, the omissions are innumerable. If the publication of Moore's *Melodies* and his 'Lalla Rookh,' and Home's 'Douglas,' are to be chronicled, why not that of 'Waverley,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' Rogers's 'Italy,' Crabbe's 'Tales of the Hall,' Southey's 'Madoc,' and many more? If the commencement of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews* be registered, why not that of the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Monthly Review*? If Hume is to be recorded as an historian, and his publications chronicled, why not those of Rapin, Henry, Hallam, Adolphus, Lingard, and many others? The author jumbles together the literary men and artists whom he thinks it necessary to name in general lists, inserted at the end of particular years. These lists are the most meaningless things imaginable. Thus, under 1810, we have a long list of names introduced *à propos* to nothing, thus:—"Sir W. Gell, Claudius J. Rich, and Sir W. Drummond, archaeologists;—Burckhardt and Dr. Edward Clarke, travellers;—Malte Brun, geographer;—Bloomfield, Crabbe, and Vincenzo Monti, poets;—Wm. Gifford, poet and critic, d. 1826." All, probably, very true, but why introduced into 1810? or why at all, except in the case of the last, and others like it, which might be inserted under the date of the death, as occasionally—as in the instance of Gifford—the author has done?

But perhaps the Index sets everything right. It is copious, but re-introduces an ancient absurdity long driven out of use. Names are entered under the Christian names, and not under the surnames,—thus Cranmer, More, and Wyatt, are to be found under "Thomas," and Tell under "William." This crotchet is not acted upon uniformly, and the names are sometimes entered a second time under the surname; but why the double entry?—why the entry under the Christian name at all?

The editor contemplates future editions, and solicits suggestions for improvements. The first thing to be done with the book, if it is ever to be rendered really useful, is to lay down principles for its construction. The second is—to act upon them. Everything belongs to some class. The admission of one entry of any class ought to carry with it the whole class. All dates in English history should, if possible, be identified by the day as well as the year of their occurrence: we should be told, for example, the day of Charles's decapitation, and the days of the battles of Naseby, Portland, Marston Moor, Santa Cruz, &c. The reigns of the Stuarts and the early part of the reign of George the Third are particularly weak: these should be well studied. Questions innumerable occur at once in both those periods which this book does not answer. When did Charles the First go to the House of Commons to arrest the members? When was the fight in Chalgrove-field, where Hampden received his death-wound? When was the meeting of the Council of Peers at York, the Little Parliament, the repulse from Hull, the raising of the standard? The dates of these and fifty other turning-points in the history of that period, besides the times of the deaths of eminent men innumerable, should certainly find a place in a work of this description. So again, in the early years of George the Third, we ought to be told within what period Junius wrote, what was the date of the *North Briton*, No. 45, what of the Lord George Gordon riots, and so with other events to enumerate which would fill a column. Why should we not have preserved in a book of this sort the days of the accession of our sovereigns and the succession of Prime Ministers? and, as the author gives the series of Popes, he might give that of the Archbishops of Canterbury. In

deference also to the legal profession, some means should be found of introducing such eminent names as Hardwicke, Mansfield, Eldon, Erskine, Denman, and the other worthies who have filled the highest legal offices. The law did not die with Lyttleton and Coke, although from the book before us it might almost be supposed that such was the case. The first publication of Blackstone's 'Commentaries' is not beneath the notice of a chronicler of first editions. If space be wanted for the insertions we have suggested, it could easily be made by the omission of the descriptive portions of many entries in the earlier part of the volume—such as those relating to Zimri, Ahab, Korah, Dathan and Abiram. These are but a few of the suggestions we might make. If the editor will try to work them out, they will open his eyes to the many respects in which his book is defective.

The War; from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan. By W. H. Russell. Routledge & Co.

THIS volume is surely a mistake. Mr. Russell, a Correspondent for the *Times* newspaper, sailed with the first English regiments from Southampton to the Crimea—stayed with the army at Malta, Gallipoli, and Varna—and accompanied it to the Crimea,—from all of which places he sent home the most copious accounts of incident and event. In the columns of the *Times* these long letters were read with interest from day to day; the public were eager; every village had its hero in the camp; passions were universally excited; and every line from the Seat of War was devoured with a fierce relish. Much of the matter thus sent home related to details of the hour, the interest of which passed away with the hour. But in the midst of very much of minor detail that deserved to perish were some bright pictures, capital descriptions, and vivid portraits. Had these been collected from the mass, and linked together by a brief narrative of the voyage, the march, and the delay,—of the thousand and one trials to which the army was exposed, and from the stern discipline of which it emerged to find itself powerful and glorious,—justice would have been done to the rare energy and literary power of Mr. Russell. As it appears, the book is wearisome beyond patience:—and stands in the same relation to the Eastern War, so far as regards dramatic interest and attractive force, as the *Thurloe Correspondence* does to our Great Civil War.

That this arrangement does a serious wrong to Mr. Russell—whose faculty is far beyond that of the common newspaper correspondent—it will be easy to prove by a few citations. Who does not remember the comical assemblage of illustrations by which Gallipoli was brought before the mind's eye by Mr. Russell?—

"Take dilapidated outhouses of farmers' yards in England—remove ricketty old wooden tenements of Holywell Street, Wych Street, and the Borough—catch up, wherever you can, any seedy, cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles that have escaped the ravages of time in our cathedral towns—carry off sheds and stalls from Billingsgate, and add to them the huts along the shores of the Thames between London Bridge and Greenwich—bring them all to the European side of the Straits of the Dardanelles, and having pitched on the most exposed portion of the coast, on a bare round hill, sloping away to the water's edge, with scarcely tree or shrub, tumble them 'highly piggedly' on its declivity, in such wise that the streets may resemble, on a large scale, the devious traces of a bookworm through some old tome—let the roadway be very narrow, of irregularly varying breadth, according to the bulgings and projections of the houses, and filled with large round slippery stones, painful and hazardous to walk upon—here and there borrow a dirty gutter from a

back street in Boulogne—let the houses in parts lean across to each other so that the tiles meet, or that a few planks thrown across from over the doorways unite and form a sort of 'passage' or arcade—steal some of our popular monuments, the shafts of various national testimonials, or Irish round towers—surround them with a light gallery about twelve feet from the top, put on a large extinguisher-shaped roof, paint them all white, and having thus made them into minarets, clap them down into the maze of buildings—then let fall big stones all over the place—plant little windmills with odd-looking sails on the crests of the hill over the town—transport the ruins of a feudal fortress from Northern Italy, and put it in the centre of the town, with a flanking tower extending to the water's edge—erect a few buildings of wood by the waterside to serve as *cafés*, custom-house, and government stores—and, when you have done this, you have to all appearance imitated the process by which the town of Gallipoli was created. The receipt, if tried, will be found to answer beyond belief. To fill it up you must, however, catch a number of the biggest breeched, longest bearded, dirtiest, and stateliest old Turks (to be had at any price in the Ottoman empire); provide them with pipes, and keep them smoking all day on little wooden stages or platforms about two feet from the ground, by the water's edge or up the main streets, as well as in the shops of the bazaar (one of the 'passages' or arcades already described); see that they have no slippers on, nothing but stout woollen hose (their feet gear being left on the ground below), shawl turbans (one or two being green, for the real descendant of the Prophet), fur-lined flowing coats, and bright-hued sashes round the waist, in which are to be stuck silver-sheathed yataghans and ornamented Damascus pistols; don't let them move more than their eyes, or express any emotion at the sight of anything except an English lady; then gather a noisy, picturesque, and active crowd of fez-capped Greeks in baggy blue breeches, smart jackets, sashes, and rich vests—of soberly-dressed Armenians—of intellectual-looking Jews, with keen flashing eyes—*Chasseurs de Vincennes*, *Zouaves*, British Riflemen, *vivandières*, Sappers and Miners, Nubian slaves, camel-drivers, commissaries, officers, and sailors, and direct them in streams through the streets round the little islets in which the smoking Turks are harboured, and you will do much to populate the place. It will be observed there are no women mentioned, but children are not by any means wanting—on the contrary, there is a glut of them, in the Greek quarter particularly, and now and then a bundle of clothes, in yellow leather boots, and covered at the top with a piece of white linen, may be seen moving about, which you will do well to believe contains a woman neither young nor pretty. Dogs, so large, savage, tailless, hairy, and curiously-shaped, that Wombwell could make a fortune out of them if aided by any clever zoological nomenclator, prowling along the shore and walking through the shallow water, in which stands a herd of bullocks and buffaloes waiting till the araba, or cart, is ready for them—six French steamers, and three French transports, with the tricolor flying, and the paddlebox boats full of troops on their way to land—a solitary English steamer, with the red ensign, at anchor in the bay—and some Greek polaccas, with their beautiful white sails and trim rig, flying down the straits, which are here about three and a half miles broad, so that the villages on the rich swelling hills of the Asia Minor side are plainly visible,—all these must be added, and then the picture is tolerably complete. In truth, it is a wretched place—picturesque to a degree, but, like all picturesque things or places, horribly uncomfortable."

The vigour and originality of such a picture are not to be gainsaid. But far grander, and more decisive of Mr. Russell's power as a painter of scenes, is his description of the Battle of Balaklava. Our readers shall see that this brilliant piece of battle scenery is not merely for the hour.—

"Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning

sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The *Zouaves* close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manoeuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the *Zouaves* we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight 'wave' in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell 'retired' his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and Light Cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a 'long spray' of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide

and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—Lancers, and Dragoons, and Hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the clamping of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground lies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild

shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian Horse in less than five minutes after it met our Dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieut. Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say 'Well done.' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry."

After this splendid close of the real action of the day, came that unexampled and disastrous charge of the Light Brigade,—the responsibility of which is likely to be a subject of dispute as long as any one of those who witnessed it is alive to take a side. Says Mr. Russell:—

"The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they

flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns."

Mr. Russell's narrative comes down, epic-like, to the death of the English chief. The writer still remains in the Crimea, gathering fresh materials for the future historian and for the present impatience of the British public.

Notes of a Tour in the Valleys of Piedmont, in the Summer of 1854. By B. W. Noel, M.A. Nisbet & Co.

Mr. Noel accompanied M. Roussel, a well-known French Protestant minister, on a religious visit to the Vaudois. The notes of their proceedings are slight, and the poetry anything but such as ought to have been called forth by a country of singular beauty, every inch of which has been rendered sacred by deeds of heroism; but the subject is interesting, and the book, slight as it is, is therefore not altogether unacceptable. Its details respecting the religious condition of the inhabitants of these picturesque valleys, although not in any respect very satisfactory, will be read with curiosity by many people. An account of a night passed in a *chalet* in Cella Veglia, exhibits the kind of "entertainment" which the belated traveller may expect to find in those secluded districts. It—

"was a small hut, built of stones, without mortar, about five feet high inside at the highest part, and about four at the lowest part. Its ceiling sloped like the roof, from north to south, it was without a window, its floor was of mud, and its door was about four feet high. It had neither table or chair, and but one three-legged stool, used for milking the cows. There was no chimney; and the owner seemed to think, like the peasants of Connaught and Munster, that it is a waste of fuel to let the heated smoke escape till it has circulated through the house. A few garments hung on pegs, a copper vessel for milk or water, one or two flat dishes, in which the milk stood, several blackened pots and pans, and two old boxes, which served for chests and seats, formed the furniture. This was our drawing-room; the bedroom was in a separate cow-shed. The cow-shed was about five feet high, about nine feet in length,

and seven in breadth: here three cows stood in accumulating filth. Above the shed was a loft, which varied in height, from three feet to one foot, the ceiling being formed by the sloping roof of the building. This was to be our bed-room. I had been told that the nights on the mountain were intensely cold, and therefore I put on my great-coat at night as a preparation. Inserting myself between two of the close-packed cows, I put my foot on the manger, and so climbed by a hole just over their heads into the loft; and, at first, thought I should need my great-coat, since the unmortared stones, both of the walls and of the roof, left chinks and holes innumerable, through which the moonlight penetrated. But I was completely mistaken. A fresh crop of hay, which we had seen steaming upon the stone roof in the sun, had been transferred to the inside to form our bed; a stream of hot and perfumed air came up from the cows beneath; and I immediately began to perspire, as in a vapour bath. The roof was about two feet and a half from my face, and touched my toes. I was scarcely laid down when a rat ran, close to my face, across the inside of the roof, and a goat began to frisk upon it outside. Soon after the guide crept in beside me, thus adding his animal heat to mine; and when the shepherd next stretched himself by the side of the guide, there was a condensation of hay, cow, and animal vapours, which the chinks and holes in the walls most imperfectly alleviated. Any one standing in the cold moonshine outside would have seen a column of hot steam issuing through all the chinks in the roof as from the Great Geyser in Iceland, or from a stack of damp sea-weed, in the burning sun, on the coast of Clare. So, at least, I fancied. Instead of sleeping, I felt so fidgetty and restless that I could have kicked the walls down, if possible, and proposed to my guide to sleep on the roof outside the building, instead of inside. He assured me it would be dangerous; and I resigned myself to these imprisoned vapours, hoping the cold night air would soon reduce the fever-heat. Shortly my guide was snoring, and in his sleep began to bombard my legs with his knees, pinioning me to the wall; while a little freedom for movement became almost a necessity of existence. Contrary to my expectations, the heat scarcely subsided through the night; and, to add to my causes of unrest, the cow beneath me, as if seized, like myself, by fidgets and fever, began to batter with her horns against the ceiling of the shed, shaking our bed at each blow. With exemplary patience, I lay there till about half-past two."

Luxury has many lessons to learn in such a country and among such a people.

Louis Fourteenth and the Writers of his Age.
By the Rev. J. F. Astié. Translated by the Rev. E. N. Kirk. Boston (U.S.), Jewitt & Co.

THE age of Louis the Fourteenth—as illustrated by great deeds, great works, intellectual and material, great triumphs, great crimes, and great disasters—has been a favourite theme with many authors. Most of these have been embarrassed by the abundance of materials. The subject has been here taken up, and not for the first time, in the United States. The volume above named consists of a course of lectures delivered in French to a select audience in New York. We may state, by way of parenthesis, that lectures are in fashion beyond the Atlantic, and that sometimes the lecturer is in apparently strong antagonism with his subject. Thus, recently we heard of a Jewish gentleman traversing the States, and delivering discourses upon Jesus. These, without ceasing to be Jewish in their spirit of belief, were so highly laudatory in some respects as to gratify the hearers "of all denominations" who listened to them. As human lawgiver, as teacher, as living example, the Jew pronounced Jesus perfect in every respect, and probably divinely inspired in all. The substance, or rather conclusion, of this strange "course" was, that Jesus was undoubtedly first of, perhaps above, all men; and certainly only a little below the angels them-

selves. This admission, from one who was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, caused some remark at the time, but we are not aware if the lecturer ventured beyond this admission.

In a different way, it is almost as singular to find grave clergymen eulogizing such princes of comedy as Molière and La Fontaine. These two appear favourite subjects with the author. The other French writers, whose lives and merits are discussed, are Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Fénelon, and Boileau. The critical part of the volume begins with Pascal's Provincial Letters, and ends with the same author's 'Thoughts.' Much space is, therefore, given to a consideration of the scope and the merits of Pascal as a reformer and writer. We question, however, if Pascal was ever more happily portrayed than he has been by, if we mistake not, Isaac Taylor. The latter writer, contemplating Pascal as a declared adversary of an unlimited Popish supremacy in France over the Gallic Church, and comparing his mode of battle with the results effected by it, describes him as a splendid fencer, who, firm in his position, ready of hand, acute of eye, self-possessed, and full of excitement, makes brilliant passes in the air, thrusts, stabs, cuts, parries, does everything according to rule, but never moves a foot forward; and remains at the close of the passage of arms exactly where he was at the beginning,—himself out of breath, and his enemy unscathed. However, it must be confessed that the armoury of Pascal has been well rifled by succeeding gladiators, and there are even traces in the 'Essay on Man' which show that Pope himself did not disdain to borrow a shaft or two from the quiver of the meekly-minded scholar, whose ancestor had been ennobled by ignoble Louis the Eleventh.

Perhaps it is well that the Americans are turning to the French classics. A lively critic has recently told us that France knows nothing of its old writers,—it has forgotten them,—they stand behind the black storm-curtain of the Revolution,—and France only remembers to-day.

A tragedy was submitted to the tribunal of the censorship by a young author, to whom it was returned with the remark that permission for its being performed could not be granted, seeing that the piece abounded in passages offensive to good government. These passages were duly scored, to mark the reproach of the licensers. The author was more amused than hurt by the decision, for he had merely submitted to the censors one of Corneille's tragedies with all the names of persons and places altered; and while the licensers searched the piece as Mrs. Macaulay did Johnson's Dictionary, only for words that were objectionable, they lacked the wit to discover the merry trick that was put upon them.

Your censorship—dramatic or literary—is a wonderful institution. The dramatic censorship in England sprang from a different cause from that of which it was the result in France. In the latter country, the stage had full licence:—it might be as vicious as it chose, but it must not be political, not even in joke. In Napoleon's time, when the marriage of the Emperor with a Russian princess was talked of, the comic actor, Brunet, happened to say of a personage in the piece in which he was playing, "Le nigaud! il va épouser une fille dans cette rue-ci." And this pun was punished by an imprisonment of fourteen days. In England, we have been, or we used to be, more particular touching vice than touching politics. It has been observed by a recent writer treating of the times of George the Second, when the censorship was about to be applied with renewed

vigour, that the Court was in wrath against the stage, not because it satirized vice, but because it satirized the vices that were practised in high places. The French Government under Louis the Eighteenth got into a fit of terror, as we well remember, when Talma appeared in Sylla, in a scant wig, which was the fac-simile of the way in which Napoleon had been used to wear his hair. With us, such provocations or reminiscences were deemed harmless,—and when Mrs. Oldfield appeared as Anne Boleyn, in the identical robes that had been worn by the Queen of James the First, the Ministry never dreamed that such a sight would revive a love for the dynasty of the Stuarts.

But to return to the age and the writers of the time of Louis the Fourteenth. We have shown how little modern French literary censors knew of Corneille:—Corneille was quite as bad a judge when he measured the capacity of young Racine and said, that the boy might one day write fair poetry, but he could never be able to compose a tragedy. 'Andromaque' and 'Britannicus' were the replies made to the author of 'Cinna' and the 'Cid.' May disparaging criticism be always as nobly refuted! Corneille, however, was right in one respect. He considered that Racine's searlier Greeks and Romans were nothing more than the red-heeled counts and be-farthingaled countesses of Versailles and the Louvre; and the remark made by the author of this book is equally true, namely, that the 'Alexandre' of Racine is as full of the faults of the time as his 'Thébaïde,'—and that, in the former, "the son of Philip finds himself transformed into a sweet little marguis, who makes his compliments to the beautiful ladies of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth." Madame de Sévigné, it will be remembered, could not tolerate Racine. "There are two things," said that lively lady once to her daughter, "that will assuredly go out of fashion, Racine and coffee!" Poor lady! coffee has grown in the esteem of the French ever since her time; and Racine, with occasional seasons of neglect, has run the same career of popularity. Voltaire was as stout an upholder of Racine as Madame de Sévigné was of Corneille, or Boileau of Molière. But, perhaps,—at least our impression is to that effect,—each judged of his favourite dramatist, not largely, and really upon his merits, but from a single point of view. "M. Josse" is not the only gentleman who has criticized men and objects from his own professional or personal point of view. In a similar way Sheridan's Doctor Rosy expatiated on the beauties of his departed wife:—"Poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again; such an arm for a bandage! Veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin! smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than a penny phial; and then her teeth,—I believe that I have drawn half-a-score of her poor dear pearls!"

With regard to the volume before us, the author has evidently been indebted in no small degree to Ste.-Beuve. He has, however, sound and original views of his own, wherein he appears to us to have acted on principles laid down respectively by Favart and Grimm. The former remarked, with point, that the torch of criticism should be devoted to illumine rather than burn; while Grimm,—pleasant, if not mighty, master,—observed with equal truth, that it is not unjust, dull or violent criticisms that effect the most injury; but that the greatest harm is accomplished by over-prodigious praise scattered without discretion. This is far truer than the saying of a far more renowned writer than either of the above—namely, La Bruyère; who affirmed that the pleasure of criticizing prevented the critic from being affected by fine passages:—which seems

to us an absurdity, even though La Bruyère has said it. On the other hand, some French writer, whose name we cannot now recall, but perhaps Ste.-Beuve himself, has smartly asserted, that it is only witty fellows who criticize each other,—fools alone are addicted to mutual admiration. Our own authors differ as much as those beyond Channel as to how a critic should exercise his vocation. Jeremy Collier declares it as an incontrovertible truth, that if a man would succeed as a critic, he must deal with an author as he would with an enemy,—charge him furiously, thrack him lustily, hew him while there is life in him, and have no mercy when holding him at advantage. Indeed, Jeremy Collier's canon of criticism reminds us exceedingly of a passage in the military catechism of the Russian Suwarrow, wherein the Muscovite soldier is reminded that he may get a cut from the sword of even a wounded Turk,—and the instruction implied, and still obeyed, in the Russian army, is, slaughter the wounded wherever it is possible; they cannot molest you after that. Jeremy Collier enjoins much the same course with respect to authors. But there is no fairness in this, if by criticism is meant now what was understood by it on its institution by Aristotle,—namely, “a standard of judging well.” The gentle Dr. Watts understood as much of the craft as any of the critics of the critics, when he said, in his own peculiar way — “Where an author has many beauties consistent with virtue, piety, and truth, let not little critics exalt themselves and shower down their ill-nature.” This canon has been well observed by M. Astié, especially in his remarks on Pascal and Fénelon; and it has not been infringed throughout a volume which is marked by judgment in compilation, and by good sense where the author trusts to his own originality.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Evelyn Lascelles: an Autobiography. Edited by Julia Addison. 3 vols. (Newby.)—The authoress says, “One of my motives in inditing these memoirs is a desire to vindicate the class of female writers from unjust aspersions.” We were not aware that as a class they were subject to “aspersion.” The estimate in which they are held in private life depends entirely upon themselves. If an authoress is good and gentle, and without vanity and self-consciousness, she will be treated by those who come in contact with her much as if she had never written a line out of the “Housekeeping Book”;—if she is womanly, graceful, handsome, and fascinating, we can only say, Heaven help the men who come in her way! They will be sure to fall as madly in love with her, and make fools of themselves, as men have been prone to do since the days of Adam, if we must begin at the beginning of things! Authoresses have made their own way in the world and need no championship. The proof is, that they are expected to look and dress and conduct themselves like other people. The days when literary women despised dress, inked their fingers, and went about with holes in their stockings, are gone by. They receive the sterling tribute of respect—what they do is honestly criticized and taken for what it is worth—they are not insulted by being met with compliments in deference to their sex—their work is blamed or praised as it may deserve. ‘Evelyn Lascelles’ will scarcely pass muster. As a novel it is not amusing; the interest evaporates in long flat conversations, all written in the same key, and abounding with hazy remarks. The story hangs ill together, and not one of the characters could have breathed the breath of real life for a single instant. The incidents and situations repeat themselves:—there are, for instance, two wives who elope from their husbands, and more breaches of promise of marriage than we can count up,—in fact, the whole conduct of the story resembles

a country dance in confusion—hands across and back again—down the middle and up again—with everybody in the wrong place. Augustus Devereux, the chief hero, has in early life been engaged to the enchanting Lady Clara, who has jilted him for his most intimate friend, who strangely enough is ignorant of the previous state of things. Mr. Augustus takes the earliest opportunity of sending his friend a challenge, and shoots him, for which he ever after feels a dreadful remorse, which shows itself to the world as a chronic bad temper, and he becomes a sort of Lara of private life. Subsequently he falls in love with Evelyn Lascelles, who is intended to be the type of a high-minded woman of literary genius. She alone has the power to smooth his “raven down of darkness”; but he breaks off with her on discovering that she has written a book which he greatly admires, and which she has published unknown to him. A prejudice against the whole tribe of literary women is one of his strongest monomanias. He rushes off into voluntary exile, and, in the course of a couple of years, marries the identical Lady Clara, his faithless first love,—for whom, however, he has long ceased to entertain a particle of affection; only as she has lost her fortune it looks like an act of generosity and self-sacrifice. How she has been kept in ignorance of his duel with her first husband we are not told. Of course he treats her extremely ill, and she elopes from him with somebody who promises to behave better; but Evelyn Lascelles, who, unknown to Devereux, has been her most devoted and intimate friend, becomes at this crisis her guardian angel, and fetches her back from the brink of perdition, makes peace for her with her husband, who rewards Evelyn by a passionate declaration of his everlasting love and remorse, and the assurance that he married under a mistake. This main thread of the story is complicated with other incidents too numerous to mention, and all of much the same quality as the above. Novels of this class are entirely superfluous.

The Seven-Mile Cabinet; or, the Doleful Story of the Russian War. By Nemo. (Shaw).—“Friends! no man kills me!” was the cry for help of *Polyphemus* when that wicked *Anonymous*, the wanderer, put the giant's eye out. Our new *Nemo* has perhaps taken up his name in remembrance of that classical fable, and because he conceives himself able, by the spear of his satire, to make an end of public abuses, be they ever so vast. But “Nemo” knows his own powers little, and the laws of poetry less. To judge from this attempt of his to destroy in verse the noxious persons on whose mismanagement our disasters during the past Crimean winter are chargeable, “Nemo” is capable of marching up to the Malakoff Tower with a pea-gun, discharging the same, and calling on the holders of the stronghold to capitulate. Weaker wrath has not often been poured out in rhyme than this “Doleful Story” contains.

History of the Colony of Natal, South Africa. To which is added, an Appendix, containing a *Brief History of the Orange-River Sovereignty and of the various Races inhabiting it, the Great Lake N'Gami, &c.* By the Rev. W. C. Holden. (Heylin).—In this volume the intending emigrant will find all necessary information concerning Natal. It will put him in possession of its history, of its difficulties, of its condition and prospects. Mr. Holden has lived fifteen years in the colony, and amassed knowledge from every available source. His report is generally favourable to it as an agricultural country, with capabilities not yet developed, which may place it among the wealthiest and most flourishing dependencies of Great Britain. The jealousies of the natives seem to be wearing away, though the descendants of the intractable Kaffir nation haunt their old grounds and threaten the borderers with massacre and plunder. The records of the Dutch and English settlers preserve the incidents of innumerable conflicts, some of which have left the battle-field to this day white with human bones. War among those savages was a cowardly succession of atrocities and reprisals, which drenched the earth with inglorious blood, and resulted only in pillage and the gratification of revenge. The Natal tribes were

usually victims, and the Kaffirs of the frontier were the aggressors. At present, while the latter continue unreclaimed, the former, according to Mr. Holden, only need to be protected and employed to settle into a useful and peaceable population. Mr. Holden's volume, however, does not exhaust his knowledge of the Kaffir nation in Natal and Amazulu. He is reserving this for an additional work on their ethnology, history, language, manners and customs. The ‘History of Natal’ is addressed chiefly to colonial interests, and throws a clear light on the actual state and resources of that South African territory.

The Victoria Commercial and Nautical Almanac for 1855. (Melbourne, Blundell).—Compilation at Victoria has not descended to the cheap level of the mother country. Here is a small and plain volume, not larger or better than many that are sold in London for half-a-crown, which bears “price six shillings.” This, we suppose, is one result of high wages in Melbourne. The contents consist of a general review of the actual condition of the Colony, a calendar, a nautical almanac, an abstract of local acts, and returns of trade, health, produce, and the sale of lands. No doubt, to the Colonists such a book of reference is indispensable. Mr. Murray, the editor, has performed his task neatly, and has obtained interesting contributions from Dr. Mueller and Mr. Blandowsh, on scientific subjects connected with Australia.

The Gold Era of Victoria; being the Present and the Future of the Colony, in its Commercial, Statistical, and Social Aspects. By Robert Caldwell. (Orr).—Among the accounts of Victoria that have lately appeared, some have been vitiated by exaggeration, and others by the vagueness of their statements. Persons who read for general impressions may not care to be corrected; but the relatives of the Colonists, intending emigrants, and, especially, the correspondents of mercantile firms, can scarcely be satisfied with any other than exact and cautious reports. Such a report is given in this volume, by Mr. Caldwell, himself a merchant of Victoria. He brings to notice some remarkable errors which have crept into popular circulation, and presents a systematic view of the Colony, in its latest and fullest development. His chapters are occupied successively, with Climate, Commerce, Population, Wealth, Government, Banking, Morals, Emigration, Gold-fields, and other topics of interest. In general, he depicts in a favourable light the social aspects of the Victorian community; but complains of that neglect which leaves it still without a political system, and without the machinery to create laws for itself. The book is sensibly written, and may be consulted with advantage by all who have a practical interest in the Colony.

Natural Elements of Political Economy. By Richard Jennings, M.A. (Longman & Co.).—The ingenuity of this treatise consists not so much in the clearness of its definitions, or in the subtlety of its reasonings, as in the relations suggested between collateral branches of science. Mr. Jennings takes up the theory that the laws of human action are discoverable, and that the powers of the human race are exerted upon principles, which being known, the name of a statistic becomes identical with that of a prophet. It is true that Mr. Jennings does not include within this scope the higher qualities of human thought and energy connected with morals and religion. His averages refer to the animal capacities and inclinations of man. Even these it is confessedly difficult so to analyze as to comprehend their nature, although the recurrence of particular results may be fixed according to general rules. Quetelet can tell us when the first apple-tree will blossom and when the first bird of the season will sing; but not why. Mr. Jennings is bold. His fine tracery is spread over the entire subject of our temporal economy: it exhibits the lines which join our sensations to our acts, and the nerves of the individual to the fortunes of the community. The topics—Production, Distribution, Consumption—receive not merely statistical or political illustration; but are followed to the springs of material impulses, the afferent or sensory fibres, the axils of the skin, the *tinnitus aurium* by pressure of the ear. It

will be evident that an essay which travels through these inquiries to its issue in the principles of labour, of supply, of demand, of industrial laws, of wealth, of social organization and the rate of interest, must be studied to be comprehended. Mr. Jennings's volume is, at least, interesting as a work of thought, evincing a keen intellect and a desire to go beyond platitudes and technicalities in the pursuit of social philosophy.

Monastic Institutions; their Origin, Progress, Nature and Tendency. By S. P. Day, formerly of the Order of the Presentation. (Longman & Co.)—Mr. Day, though "formerly of the Order of the Presentation," has not much to add to the history of monachism. The Ecclesiastical Histories of Socrates and Mosheim, with the 'Acta Sanctorum' and other well-known books, supply him with his chief illustrations:—he quotes casuistry from Liguori, anecdotes from the 'Mensa Philosophica,' and personal incidents from the lives of Luther and Loyola. All this has been made pretty familiar of late years. What Mr. Day has to tell us is principally in confirmation of the statement, that, in their narrowness, their bigotry, their cramping and distorting influence on the mind, the monastic institutions of the present day resemble those of every former period. On this point the volume offers substantial testimony. But it is, for the most part, a compilation, briefly detailing the history of monastic orders from the days of Antony of Caba to our own generation. Simon Stylites, St. Francis d'Assisi, St. Rose of Lima, and other celebrated fanatics are brought into the narrative, with their self-torturing fury and their unhappy enthusiasm for pain. Mr. Day quotes the 'Mensa Philosophica' for a story which is to be found also in Boileau's 'History of the Flagellants,' so quaintly annotated by its translator. A woman went to church to be confessed, and was led behind the altar to receive her flagellation. Her husband, who had secreted himself, suspiciously watching the interview between his wife and the priest, objected to the tenderness of this proceeding, stepped out of his hiding-place, and offered to be her proxy. Of course, she pretended greatly to applaud his resolution; but when he had knelt and the monk raised his scourge, she took care to cry, "Now, my father, lay on stoutly, for I am a great sinner!"

Works of the late Rev. John Paul, D.D., &c. &c.; with a Memoir and Introduction by the Editor, Stewart Bates, D.D. (Belfast, Shepherd & Aitchison; London, Hamilton & Co.)—Dr. Bates is not justified in the title assumed by him for his preliminary matter, which is an eager recommendation of the doctrine combated for by Dr. Paul in the three controversial works here reprinted, —but cannot be called a memoir. Antrim is given as Dr. Paul's birthplace, but no date. Here, too, are a few words of general character:—"He possessed such an assemblage of virtues as commanded the esteem and gained the affection of all who enjoyed his acquaintance, or could appreciate his worth. He was an honest man, a sincere Christian, a faithful friend, and an able minister of the New Testament. In him were united a powerful intellect with a tender heart; great humility with true dignity; courtesy and complaisance were associated with that uniform regard to truth that abhors flattery. His cheerfulness did not degenerate into levity, nor his zeal into bigotry. His literary attainments were of a superior kind; he had few equals as a classical and Hebrew scholar; he was an ardent admirer of talent when united with piety; hence his preference of Edwards and such authors —his regard and esteem for such men as Chalmers, Carson, and Wardlaw."—The reader will further learn that Dr. Bates is a zealous Calvinist. Dr. Paul's controversial writings seem racy in style, and somewhat unmeasured in language; but, for further discussion of their value, they must be left to theological disputants.

The Fall of Poland in 1794: an Historical Tragic Drama, in Four Acts. By a Patriot. (Longman & Co.)—"The 'Patriot' is no poet, neither is he a dramatist; but his own ideas on the subject are not ours, for "I have no doubt," says he, "that if the drama of 'The Fall of Poland'

could be efficiently brought forward on the stage at the present time, when the public mind is looking on all sides with the most intense anxiety to see 'when' and 'how' Poland will be 'righted,' that it would go far to establish a beginning to the 'Grand National Demonstration' and 'National Constitution' I have already referred to, as the means by and through which Poland will be raised up from her low and prostrate state,—

To the bright pinnacle of Liberty,—
An Ornament to Nations; bless'd on Earth,
While water'd with the dew from Heav'n above."

—No one, we apprehend, will abuse the *Athenæum* as a journal bought by Russian gold, or as having sympathies unduly preposse towards train-ol and Siberia; but, really, the weary perusal of a book of waste paper like this, calling itself a drama, and conceiving itself a spark which is to fire the beacon of deliverance, is almost enough to make the most liberal of men Czar-like and peremptory.

The Commissioners of National Education in Ireland have published their *Twenty-first Report*. Its details are generally encouraging.—The *Annual Report of the Manchester School of Art* states the progress that has been made in a special branch in another part of the kingdom. Our records of actual results cease here.—Education in the realm of Great Britain is a subject of dispute rather than of history. Mr. Frederick Timbrell, in *Compulsory Education*, states his idea, which is based on a calculation of profit. Capt. Maconochie's *National Education as bearing on Crime* is a practical inquiry into the effect of culture on the criminal mind. Lord Lyttelton's *Thoughts on National Education* refer to the compulsory, gratuitous, and secular systems, concluding in favour of a religious scheme to preserve a definite body of doctrines. Mr. Cheyne Brady, in an interesting essay on *Schools of Industry*, applies observations and experience to the treatment of a difficult question. A collateral subject—the industrial self-improvement of the working classes—occupies a circular issued under the sanction of the Society of Arts, recommending the Establishment of Special Museums for the people, exhibiting to them every invention that can aid their industry, or add to their material comfort.

Dr. K. P. Ter Relhorst, a Dutch Professor, "anxious to enlighten all classes," has printed an essay, entitled *Language: a Heaven-born Gift*. Our English tongue, he courteously tells us, is in particular suffused with the melodies of paradise. It is grievous to learn that so sedulous a student as Dr. Relhorst has been ruined by the publication of a work in ten languages, the result of ten years' toil, anxiety, and patience.—An equally disinterested pamphleteer asks *Why is it wrong to use Chloroform?* We had thought that timid persons considered it wrong because it is dangerous; but it appears that many ladies, on certain occasions, suffer unnecessary pangs because, being forewarned of them in the Scriptures, it would be unscriptural to adopt a remedy. The authoress appeals to us to help her in removing this "absurd and irrational prejudice"; but the gnosticist in question, we fear, lies beyond our province.—M. Louis Deschamps professes to have made *An Important Philanthropic Discovery*, by which "the science of medicine is reduced to its simplest form." Major Noah, editor of the *Sunday Times*, United States Journal, puts faith in his panacea, which is to supersede the ancient pharmacy. M. Deschamps also cautions us strongly against the unskilful use of fire-arms.—We have a paper, by Dr. Inman, on *Spontaneous Combustion*. The Doctor touches the question whether fire has ever broken out in the human body, and mentions the case of a man whose shoulder burst into flame, and who lived two days after, as well as that of persons in certain stages of consumption whose breath has become phosphoreous.

Mr. William Peace has published *An Appeal to Churchmen against Puseyism and its Corruptions*, in which he argues against the Confessional, and denounces, at least with vigour, the practices of the Tractarian clergy.—In *Romanism, Rationalism and Protestantism*, Mr. P. E. Dove treats of religion in its historical bearings, with especial reference to something which he calls "Institutionalism."

His studies seem to have been vague and not critical.—The Rev. G. R. Portal has printed a sermon, entitled *Personal Faith the only Source of Peace*, based on opinions which would irritate M. Lanfrey.—The curious book, by an unknown author, called *The Old Week's Preparation towards a Worthy Receiving of the Holy Sacrament*, appears in a new edition, edited by the Rev. W. Fraser. It is to be hoped that Charles the Second's courtiers made no profane use of its ejaculations.—*Prayers for the Use of School Teachers*,—and *The World as seen by One leaving it*, are simple and formal little tracts for popular circulation.—*Little Jessie; or, the Death-bed of a Young Believer*, being a narrative designed as a companion to them.—The idea proposed of fitting orthodoxy to fairy-tales has been prettily carried out in *Selene, the Queen of the Rosy Cross*, in which pagan fancies are discarded, and glow-worms, and the west wind, and certain other existences are adapted to Scriptural teachings.—The Rev. A. Arthur has written *The Church of the Millennium* to prove that Dr. Cumming is in error concerning the end of the world.—Another commentator of theories, in *Thoughts on Books and Reading*, sets aside, first, the "inferior authors," next, authors who are only men of genius, and advocates works that are *unexceptionable*, though without supplying a criticism or an index.—In *Book-Hawking, as Conducted in Hampshire*, the Rev. G. H. Sumner describes an ecclesiastical plan, which seems to have been borrowed from the philosophers of the eighteenth century, who employed pedlars to disseminate their little volumes to the great scandal of M. Bertin.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alford's (Rev. H.) *Divine Love in Creation*, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Andrew's *Latin-English Lexicon*, new edit. royal 8vo. 18s. cl.
Arnott on *Smokless Fire-places*, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Ballinall's *Outlines of Military Surgery*, 5th edit. illust. 8vo. 14s.
Barker and Grant's *Public Discussion at Halifax*, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Bell's *English Poet*, Butler, Vol. 1, 1st fe. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Colquhoun's (J. C.) *Short Sketches of some Notable Lives*, 6s. c.
Copland's (J.) *Arithmetic of Fractions*, 12mo. 1s. cl.
Hallam's *Europe during the Middle Ages*, new edit. Vol. 3, 6s. cl.
Homilies (The), Vol. 1, new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Jones (E.), *The Battle Day, and other Poems*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Kaye's *External Government, &c. of Church of Christ*, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Kitt's *Cyclopedia of Bib. Literature*, abridged, new edit. 10s. 6d.
Love versus Money, a Novel, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Macreth's (Rev. T.) *Churchwarden's Manual*, new edit. 2s. 6d.
Martha, a Sketch from Life, post 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Minister's Children, new edit. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Mitchison's *Handbook of Songs of Scotland*, new edit. 2s. 6d. cl.
Paley's *Natural Theology*, Notes by Brougham and Bell, 3 vols. 8s. cl.
Paley's *Natural Theology*, Dialogues on Instinct, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Pictorial Bible, with Notes by Dr. Kitt, new edit. Vol. 2, 12s. cl.
Practical Mathematics, a Key to, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Priestley's (Rev. C. E.) *Sermons on Prayer*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Pridden's *Early Christians*, 5th edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
P's and Q's in Writing and Speaking, 8vo. 1s. cl.
Run and Read Lib., "A Long Look Ahead," 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Stanford's *New Paris Guide*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Taylor's *Contributions of Q. Q.*, 12th edit. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Traveller's Library, Forester's Norway, 3 parts, 1s. 6d. each.
Traveller's Library, Manufactures of Great Britain, plates, 4to. 2s. 6d.
Virgili Carmina.—Enchiridion, Libri 7-13, et Georgica, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Wilberforce's *Rocky Island*, 11th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Wilson's (Rev. F.) *Notes Ambrosianae*, Vol. 1, 6s. cl.
Woodward's (Rev. H.) *Glory in its Fulness*, 8vo. 5s. cl.

SCIENCE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

13, Ashley Place, August 2.

In the absence of Lord Wrottesley, President of the Royal Society, who is in Paris, I beg the favour of your granting me space for a few remarks which I feel it my duty to make, relative to conversations, which appear to have taken place on Tuesday evening in the Houses of Lords and Commons, upon the subject of a grant of 1,000*l.* to the Royal Society. Quoting from the *Times*, which is the only paper that I happen to have seen, Lord Palmerston is reported to have said that "a few years ago this grant was asked for by the Royal Society as a temporary assistance for a specific purpose. Those who applied for it represented that it was wanted for a particular year, and that, if 1,000*l.* were advanced, probably the whole of that sum would not be required; in which case the remainder would be returned." The Leader of the House of Commons is, of course, obliged to speak on many subjects of which he has no personal knowledge, and has, in such case, to rely upon the accuracy of the statements which may be furnished to him. In this case Lord Palmerston has been very erroneously informed. The grant in question originated in a spontaneous proposition made to the President of the Royal Society in October, 1849, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, by Lord John Russell, who then held the place in Her Majesty's Councils which is

now held by Lord Palmerston. The proposition was to place in the following year 1,000*l.* at the disposal of the Royal Society to be expended in the advancement of science by the furtherance of special services connected with scientific pursuits, provided that the President and Council of the Royal Society were of opinion that such a sum could be advantageously employed for the specified purpose; and provided also, that the President and Council were willing to give their assistance by undertaking its appropriation. In other countries, the members of scientific institutions receive, as such, pecuniary support from the State, and the State has consequently a direct claim on their services. In this country the Fellows of the Royal Society have no such provision; and the Government has, consequently, no direct claim on them. But, happily, they have not shown themselves, on that account, less ready or disposed to aid those plans of the Government which have for their object the promotion of science and the consequent advancement, it may be, of the material prosperity of the country, but always of the national character. Accordingly, early in November, 1849, Lord John Russell was informed, through the Earl of Rosse, then President of the Royal Society, that the President and Council were of opinion that the judicious employment of grants in the way proposed by his Lordship might very materially promote the advancement of science, and that they were willing to act as trustees on the part of the public for the suitable application of the proposed grant. And, further, that, viewing the grant as designed, not for their own Society in particular, but for science generally in the United Kingdom, they would propose to form a Committee to consist of about forty persons most eminent in different branches of science, and in different parts of the Kingdom, to assist them in the execution of the trust. Lord John Russell expressed in reply his entire approval of the mode in which the President and Council proposed to deal with the intended grant, and his approbation of the caution and deliberation which marked their proceedings in regard to it. His Lordship further signified that although of course he could in no degree bind his successors, it was his own intention, so long as he should continue in the office he then held, to recommend a grant of a similar sum in succeeding years, so long as the Royal Society continued to think such a grant useful and desirable and were willing to administer it. Accordingly 1,000*l.* was transmitted to the Treasurer of the Royal Society, in June 1850, and similar sums have been received in succeeding years, under both Lord John Russell's and Lord Derby's administrations, until 1854 inclusive, making an aggregate, not of 4,000*l.* as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury, but of 5,000*l.* With regard to the particular fund out of which the grant has hitherto been paid, the Council of the Royal Society had no means of knowing, and were in fact ignorant of what that fund was, until they were very recently informed by the Secretary of the Treasury that it was paid out of a charitable fund. It need scarcely be said that the Council would much prefer, if the grants should be resumed in future years, that they should be voted directly and specifically by Parliament. The Royal Society has sufficient funds of its own (derived from the contributions of its members) to meet its own expenses,—including therein the publication of the *Philosophical Transactions*, which are regarded throughout the world as the national records of British science, such as, in other countries, are published at the expense of the State. The Council neither require, nor have they solicited or received, aid from Government for the purpose of carrying out any of the objects which it more especially devolves upon them to execute as representing the Society. Under these circumstances, a misapprehension by which they are made to appear as solicitors is naturally not agreeable. In the particular case also, it is proper that Lord John Russell should have the full recognition that the proposition in which the grant originated was his own, and was wholly unsolicited. Government

is in possession of a detailed report of the appropriation and distribution of the whole sum of 5,000*l.* Having been myself the (of course honorary) Secretary of the Government Grant Committee, I may venture to say that the more publicity that document receives, the more the Committee will be pleased, and the more the value of such grants in promoting science and advancing the national credit is likely to be appreciated. As the General Secretary of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, holding its annual meetings in various parts of the kingdom, and having experience in such matters by the expenditure for similar purposes of a far more considerable sum, derived from the contributions of the members of that body, than the aggregate amount of the Government grants, I may add that the good service which has been rendered by the latter in promoting scientific researches of very high interest is extensively appreciated throughout the country; as is the respect due to Lord John Russell as the originator of the grant. In conclusion, I would venture to suggest, as the most effectual means of making known to those who are the guardians of the public purse, as well as to the public generally, what has been accomplished and what is accomplishing by means of this grant, that some one of the Members of the House of Commons should move for the production and publication of the report of its appropriation.

I am, &c.

EDWARD SABINE,

Treas. and V.P. Royal Society.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following letter, from that earnest and intelligent scholar A. C. Harris, Esq., of Alexandria, is so full of interest that I have no hesitation in communicating it to you, with a few remarks explanatory of the very valuable discoveries to which reference is more especially made.—

Alexandria, June 21.

"My dear Friend,—On my return from Upper Egypt, I received your very acceptable note dated 17th of February last, and afterwards I had the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. Mr. Mills, who brought me your two other notes of 30th of March and 16th of April. This gentleman I saw but once, for when I went to look for him to offer him some civilities. I found he had gone to Cairo. Our joint visit to Hartwell often comes into my head as a most agreeable recollection. * * I wrote a short time ago to Dr. Lee, thanking him for his very kind present of a book. * * I sent the Doctor some novelties in the way of hieroglyphical ciphers which I thought interesting, and proved by them that the characters represent the city of Ashmounayn. Mr. Babington has been so good as to send me a copy of the *Ὑπερίδων λόγοι* (Orations of Hyperides) of Mr. Arden, and I have been in correspondence with him. I found this year at Gornou a number of other minute fragments, all in the very same hand-writing as that of the Orations, to which I supposed them to belong; but upon subjecting them to a little scrutiny I find that they belong to another roll, the conclusion of which I secured, and which contained Book Σ of the Iliad, so that I have the same book written at Thebes, and in Middle Egypt, perhaps in very different ages. There is, however, very little of the former—it may be that the Arabs will offer me some more next season. I picked up a very handsome little roll, written in Hieratic, and bearing a king's name I cannot read. * * I should be quite delighted to have the two small pamphlets of Mr. Birch, if he would give them to me. It is a charity to furnish a little food for the mind of one so remote as I am, and who knows nothing of what passes in the literary world unless he finds it in the *Athenæum*. George Gliddon has sent me a copy of his work, 'Types of Mankind.' I have not had it long enough to read it through. I am delighted to hear that Mr. Sharpe continues at his usual labours,—they will be more useful to the student than the long dissertations I see upon Moses, and the passage of the Israelites, which is but one fact in a great history—certainly a very interesting one,—but Egyptian matters may be studied for themselves alone. We want more

work upon the language, and a more diligent collection of materials. * * I wish Mr. Sharpe would look up all the astronomical matter to be found, for the *savans* on the Continent seem to be rushing into calculations upon very uncertain data. We found an American gentleman, Mr. Greene, of Paris, occupied at Medinet Haboo in uncovering and copying the half of the Calendar that was untouched by Champollion,—I do not know if it possesses any value. He undertook to teach my daughter to photograph, and she has made some progress. Next voyage, which we shall commence next November, will be enlivened by this occupation. The piece of the cubit is in my possession; the black stone that belonged to Mr. Traill is in my house. He gave it to me long ago, upon my paying the expenses he had incurred upon it. I had the pleasure to see Col. Rawlinson in his passage through Alexandria. He read off to me some arrow-headed inscriptions with great facility, and told me he was carrying home a great quantity of new and important objects. I am sorry to say that Egypt has been invaded by the cholera from Constantinople. It passed at once by the railroad to Boulae, without stopping here, and at Cairo has carried off up to 350 per day. I regret that Mr. Todd's brother, a very excellent person, and very good friend of ours, was amongst its victims. He had but recently settled at Cairo from Australia. I trust, in the end, the cholera will not return upon us here. We are not very easy about it. The Hadjees (pilgrims) carry this scourge about with them. * * All sorts of projects are on foot for making ship-canal, railroads, &c.,—in which the projectors make no account of the person and interests of the poor Fellah (cultivator), who is to do all this work for nothing. * *

"Yours, &c.,

A. C. HARRIS."

The allusion in the foregoing letter to the discovery of "fragments in the very same hand-writing as that of the Orations" must, of necessity, be unintelligible to those who are not already acquainted with the curious matter to which it refers, and I, therefore, beg to offer a few words of explanation.

In the winter of 1847, Mr. Harris was sitting in his boat, under the shade of the well-known sycamore, on the western bank of the Nile, at Thebes, ready to start for Nubia, when an Arab brought him a fragment of a papyrus roll, which he ventured to open sufficiently to ascertain that it was written in the Greek language, and which he bought before proceeding further on his journey. Upon his return to Alexandria, where circumstances were more favourable to the difficult operation of unrolling a fragile papyrus, he discovered that he possessed a fragment of the oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes, in the matter of Harpalus, and also a very small fragment of another oration, the whole written in extremely legible characters, and of a form or fashion which those learned in Greek MSS. consider to be of the time of the Ptolemies. With these interesting fragments of orations of an orator so celebrated as Hyperides, of whose works nothing is extant but a few quotations in other Greek writers, he embarked for England. Upon his arrival here, he submitted the precious relics to the inspection of the Council and Members of the Royal Society of Literature, who were unanimous in their judgment as to the importance and genuineness of the MS.; and Mr. Harris immediately set to work, and with his own hand made a lithographic fac-simile of each piece. Of this performance a few copies were printed and distributed among the *savans* of Europe,—and Mr. Harris returned to Alexandria, whence he has made more than one journey to Thebes in the hope of discovering some other portion of the volume, of which he already had a part. In the same year (1847), another English gentleman, Mr. Joseph Arden, of London, bought at Thebes a papyrus, which he likewise brought to England. Induced by the success of Mr. Harris, Mr. Arden submitted his roll to the skillful and experienced hands of Mr. Hogarth; and upon the completion of the operation of unrolling, the MS. was discovered to be the terminating portion of the very same volume of which Mr. Harris had bought a fragment of the former part in the very same year,

and probably of the very same Arabs. No doubt now existed that the volume when entire consisted of a collection of, or a selection from, the orations of the celebrated Athenian orator Hyperides; and Mr. Arden, with a liberality and energy that cannot be too highly commended, forthwith gave to the world a beautiful fac-simile of his portion of the treasure, edited by the Rev. Churchill Babington; and this is the book to which Mr. Harris alludes in another part of his letter.

The portion of the volume which has fallen into the possession of Mr. Arden contains "fifteen continuous columns of the 'Oration for Lycophron,' to which work three of Mr. Harris's fragments appertained; and likewise the 'Oration for Euxenippus, which is quite complete and in beautiful preservation." Whether, as Mr. Babington observes in his Preface to the work, "any more scraps of the 'Oration for Lycophron' or of the 'Oration against Demosthenes' remain to be discovered, either in Thebes or elsewhere, may be doubtful, but is certainly worth the inquiry of learned travellers." The condition, however, of the fragments obtained by Mr. Harris but too significantly indicate the hopelessness of success. The scroll had evidently been more frequently rolled and unrolled in that particular part—namely, the speech of Hyperides in a matter of such peculiar interest as that involving the honour of the most celebrated orator of antiquity—it had been more read and had been more thumbed by ancient fingers than any other speech in the whole volume; and hence the terrible gap between Mr. Harris's and Mr. Arden's portions. Those who are acquainted with the brittle, friable nature of a roll of papyrus in the dry climate of Thebes, after being buried two thousand years or more, and then coming first into the hands of a ruthless Arab, who, perhaps, had rudely snatched it out of the sarcophagus of the mummified scribe, will well understand how dilapidations occur. It frequently happens that a single roll, or possibly an entire box, of such fragile treasures is found in the tomb of some ancient philologist or man of learning, and that the possession is immediately disputed by the company of Arabs who may have embarked on the venture. To settle the dispute, when there is not a scroll for each member of the company, an equitable division is made by dividing a papyrus and distributing the portions. Thus, in this volume of Hyperides, I should conceive that it had fallen into two pieces at the place where it had most usually been opened, and where, alas! it would have been most desirable to have kept it whole; and that the smaller fragments have been lost amid the dust and rubbish of the excavation, while the two extremities have been made distinct properties, which have been sold, as we have seen, to separate collectors. So, at all events, such matters are managed at Thebes.

Mr. Harris mentions fragments of the 'Iliad' which he had purchased of some of the Arab disturbers of the dead in the sacred cemeteries of Middle Egypt, most probably Saccara. I should be disposed to differ from the inference that these copies were written in Middle Egypt, or that the copies found at Thebes were written in Upper Egypt; as I cannot but think it more probable that all Greek manuscripts found in Egypt, in whatsoever part, were written or copied at that great emporium of literature, the Library of Alexandria, and thence carried into remoter districts by the learned, and, ultimately, as a valuable treasure, buried with them.

I remain, &c., JOSEPH BONOMI.

"The black stone" is not that of the Caba that has become black by the sins of Moslem, but a black granite plinth of a statue with an inscription on it bearing the names of the king and queen of that race of sun-worshippers whose monuments occur in various districts of Egypt.—Mr. Traill, a horticulturist of great eminence, who had been in the employment of Ibrahim Pasha more than twenty years, and had converted the southern extremity of the island of Rhoda, an island in the Nile opposite Cairo Vecchio (Fostat), into a beautiful garden.—Boulak, the port of Cairo, from which city it is distant about half an hour's ride.

J. B.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Dr. Allman has been nominated to the vacant Chair of Natural History at Edinburgh, in the room of Prof. Edward Forbes. Dr. Allman will commence his lectures in November.

Our brethren of the press have warmly and widely taken up the question of the distribution of the Literary Pensions. No single voice has been raised in defence of the "astounding document" lately issued; and we are glad to be reminded by the *Examiner* that the minister in fault is no longer in office. Lord Palmerston—it is fair to say—is free from blame. The misappropriation of the Civil List took place in the time of Lord Aberdeen; and it is to a minister who, in his youth, was proud of literary honours that literary genius owes this precedent of neglect and loss. We have already remarked, that although Literature has no exclusive right over the 1,200*l.* devoted to the reward of services to the State not otherwise rewarded, it has the rights of intention and of usage over a considerable portion of it. On the first point we may refer to the positive declaration of Sir Robert Peel, who is very clear and absolute on the subject:—"I have resolved to apply the miserable pittance at the disposal of the Crown, on the Civil List Pension Fund, altogether to the reward and encouragement of literary exertions." So spoke the wisest of English statesmen in our day; and as he spoke he acted. He rewarded the best men—and he rewarded these liberally. In the principle so laid down, other ministers agreed to a certain extent,—as witness their yearly distribution of the "miserable pittance." We have before us the lists for ten years; and on classifying the pensions into literary and non-literary (and including in the literary section those which were given for service in art and science), we get the following results:—1845, Literary Pensions, 700*l.*; 1846, 1,000*l.*; 1847, 700*l.*; 1848, 700*l.*; 1849, 490*l.*; 1850, 850*l.*; 1851, 1,025*l.*; 1852, 1,100*l.*; 1853, 1,000*l.*; and finally, 1854, 150*l.* Thus, for the nine years previous to 1854 the amount given as rewards for "literary exertions" was 7,565*l.*, or something over 840*l.* a year. Last year, in Lord Aberdeen's hands, the sum dwindled down to 150*l.* This was 1,050*l.* less than Sir Robert Peel declared belonged of right to literature, and 690*l.* below the average sanctioned by all the great men who have governed England during the last ten years. Were we wrong in describing Lord Aberdeen's Civil List as "an astounding document"?

Mr. Ruskin is again at work as an illustrator of the genius of Turner. Some drawings by the great master of landscape—twelve in number, but not equally finished—representing the Harbours of England—are in Mr. Ruskin's hands for critical elucidation. The scenes are crowded with boats, as in Turner's 'Coast Scenery'; and the circumstance has supplied the commentator with an unworn and picturesque topic—the history of boat-building in relation to Art in all ages. The work, we understand, is likely to appear in the autumn.

Besides the sum of 5,000*l.* given to Capt. McClure for his Arctic services, a further sum of 5,000*l.* has been voted to his officers and crew, and 800*l.* for the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir John Franklin and his companions, which will, we believe, be placed, very appropriately, in Greenwich Hospital.—Mr. Westmacott has received a commission for this memorial.

Science has sustained a loss in the death of the naturalist, Dr. George Johnston, which took place at Berwick-on-Tweed, on July 30th, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He is known by his works on various branches of natural history. He was educated for the medical profession. He took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1819, and settled as a general practitioner of medicine at Berwick-on-Tweed. Here his taste for natural history became developed, and by his researches and publications he has rendered the town—next to Selborne—one of the most classical localities in Great Britain. His principal papers on natural history have been published in the 'Magazine of Natural History,' the 'Annals of Natural History'—of which latterly he was one of the editors, the 'Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle,' and the

'Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club.' These papers indicate the wide range of his sympathies with natural objects, his remarkable powers of observation, and sound and cautious judgment. The work for which he is perhaps best known is his 'History of British Zoophytes,' which is the most complete and accurate account of the British forms of these animals we yet possess. The original work was published in Edinburgh in 1838, and a second edition appeared in London in 1847. The work is beautifully illustrated by Mrs. Johnston. Whilst working at the Zoophytes, the Sponges and Corallines did not escape his notice; and in 1842 he published 'A History of British Sponges and Lithophytes.' This work, like the last, is still the best and most complete in our language on the subjects to which it relates. In the list of his papers many will be found devoted to the Mollusca, indicating his great attention to this department of natural history; and as the result of these labours, he brought out in 1850 his 'Introduction to Conchology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Molluscan Animals.' This is a repository of interesting facts, pertaining to the structure and habits of the shell-fishes of Great Britain, and a necessary work in the library of every working naturalist. During the preparation of the foregoing volumes he was working at a very neglected branch of British zoology—the Annelida, the true worms of the naturalist. His papers on 'British Annelides' and 'Irish Annelides,' in the 'Annals of Natural History,' are well known to naturalists; and it will add to the regret that all who knew him must feel at his loss to know that he was labouring at a complete work on British Annelids when his sudden seizure deprived him of life. His last work, 'Botany of the Eastern Borders,' shows that no natural occurrence escaped his scrutinizing observation. He was a botanist as well as a zoologist; and it was his critical eye that first detected in the waters of the Blackader the new water-weed (*Anicharis Alismetrisus*). His labours were the result of leisure moments. From 1819 to 1853 he was actively engaged in a harassing country medical practice. That he never shrank from its claims is well known; but whilst doing all this work, his friends, and those who visited him from a distance, were surprised to find him one of the most social of men. He was an active member, if not founder, of the Berwickshire Natural History Club: a pleasant association of naturalists, who pursue their favourite objects in the open fields and by the sea-side, and afterwards meet together at the social board. Dr. Johnston was also the founder of the Ray Society, and up to the time of his death took an active interest in its proceedings and publications.

M. A. Dumas has been appointed by the French Government to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the South of France.

Sir John Herschel has been elected Foreign Corresponding Member of the French Academy of Sciences, the place having become vacant by the death of M. Gauss.

A Correspondent, J. G. R., writes:—"As it appears from the interesting article on the 'Publication of Assyrian Inscriptions' in your last number, that the missing cylinder, known as Col. Taylor's, has been recovered, I venture to suggest to Col. Rawlinson, through the medium of your columns, that the publication of the annals of the third year of Sennacherib from this cylinder would be very acceptable to many readers; or at all events that particular portion of annals which Col. Rawlinson stated in his 'Outlines of Assyrian History,' could not be made out in the copies of the cylinder, viz. that containing the reason assigned by Sennacherib for leaving Hezekiah in possession of Jerusalem. It appears from the same article that translations of the Assyrian Inscriptions are to appear in the *Asiatic Society's Journal*; and if so, I trust some means will be afforded to the public of knowing how copies of the *Journal* may be obtained. If they are not restricted to the members, it is desirable that publicity may be given to the fact whenever these translations appear. It is to be regretted that the contents of *Journals of Societies* like the *Asiatic*

are not advertised like those of the *Magazines*."

The sanitary powers of charcoal are at the present time very fully illustrated at 73, Great Russell Street. Dr. Stenhouse, the chemist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has recently devoted attention to the deodorizing powers and disinfectant properties of charcoal. This gentleman now invites the public to an examination of all those conditions which he has previously described. An atmosphere rendered highly offensive by putrefactive decomposition going on within the chamber in which it is confined, is drawn through charcoal filters, by means of a rotating fan machine, and is passed into an apartment adjoining. Although this air is disgustingly fetid, it flows out into the room perfectly free from smell. The remarkable property which charcoal has of condensing within its pores large quantities of the fetid gases is greatly increased by a process of platinizing the charcoal. This new invention merits the attention of the man of science, from the extraordinary energy with which it acts upon the gases, and of all those persons—scientific or not—who are interested in the public health, since it furnishes us with a new power for removing from amongst us the agents of disease. Dr. Stenhouse courts inquiry, and his inventions ought to secure an instant and serious attention.

Some one has printed, for "private circulation only among a few friends," an account of "a curious manuscript in the collection of the Rev. Dr. Neligan." It seems to be the original of the well-known *Tobie Matthews's* account of his conversion to Roman Catholicism. This manuscript, or a counterpart of it, has been already used for literary purposes. It was seen by Dr. Lort, who made extracts from it, which were afterwards in the possession of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, and were incorporated by him in his *Biographical Dictionary*. There does not seem to be anything left in the manuscript which is exceedingly "curious," but it is precisely of the class which the Camden Society ought to publish. The details of Sir *Tobie's* intercourse with Bacon, Buckingham, and other eminent persons of the time, probably contain valuable historical information. We shall hope that, in some way or other, it will find its way to the press. The following are extracts from the account now printed:—

"Takes lodgings at the East End of London. Confers with and writes to the celebrated Sir Francis Bacon. Changes his lodgings into Fleet Street."—"Extraordinary copious draught of Archbishop Bancroft on the festival of St. Peter and Paul, 'of a huge goblet or bowl of about a quart (one of those which kings give to archbishops for their new year's gift) of what was neither beer nor wine nor ale, but a caudle which showed nutmegs and eggs.' The description of this scene is very amusing."—"Visited in the prison by Sir Maurice Barkley, Sir Edwin Sandes, Sir Henry Goodyear, Mr. Richard Martin, Mr. John Dunne, &c."—"Sir Francis Bacon intercedes for him."—"Goes into France—makes an acquaintance with Mr. Villiers, who grew afterwards to be the King's favourite and Duke of Buckingham, who 'resolved to press King James to permit me to return into my country, to which after great difficulties his Majesty was content to give way, thinking that he would take the oath of allegiance, which he still refused 'though with good manners.' The King takes offence at his refusal."—"My Lord of Bristol had so much good will and so much power as to obtain my return home."—"King James was pleased to put a visible mark of particular honour upon me, at the instance of his majesty that now is, viz., Charles I., then Prince of Wales." His conference with the King: "King James spoke very graciously to me."

—Such particulars indicate a volume that is worthy of further attention.

The local press is angry with us for applying to their town the epithet "Magnificent Sunderland." An appeal is made against the innocent "sarcasm," and twenty inches of explanation are given to the meaning, or no meaning, of the luckless paragraph offering 20*l.* for a plan and estimates for a new Crystal Palace. The local *Herald* "is not aware" that Sunderland has offered 20*l.* for plans and estimates:—though it admits that the Town Council has voted that sum for some purpose in connexion with the proposed Crystal Palace,—perhaps "to encourage the others." We found the original statement in the local journals. We added nothing to it, except the epithet "magnificent." What, then, is the appeal to our justice? Does the *Herald* wish us to say that Sunderland is not "magnificent"? Let us not be misunderstood.

Crystal Palaces have our best wishes everywhere:—and in Sunderland assuredly not less than in other towns. Sunderland, as we have stated once before, possesses a splendid site for such an edifice—a site commanding a fine coast line and rich woodlands. Here is a grand possibility; and we ardently hope some day to see that hill crowned with a Crystal Palace,—a thing, if we may say so without offence, to render Sunderland still more magnificent.

Our Allies in the Crimea, even in the midst of labours and emotions sufficient to exhaust the brains of ordinary human beings, cannot forget that they come of a race of artists. Art has its resting-places in the Crimea; and if England has built a railway in the Herculæan Chersonese—as an evidence of its material power—France has erected a theatre as an evidence of its artistic resources. We read, to our amazement and amusement, in the *Presse d'Orient*, the following literary and dramatic intelligence from the camp:—"The theatre of the 2nd Regiment of Zouaves has not been transferred to the banks of the Tchernaya with that corps. General Canrobert insisted on its remaining at Inkermann. By special favour the artists of the 2nd Regiment have been authorized to remain with the 1st, and to recruit the company, so as to fill up the vacancies made by the affair of the 18th. But, as General Bosquet does not wish to deprive his men of their amusement, another theatre is to be erected near the Tchernaya, and the artists will alternately perform in both. The taste for Fine Arts has decidedly found its way into the Crimea. A subscription is to be shortly opened for the purpose of building a theatre at Kamiesch, in which the Zouaves will give representations, subject, of course, to the approval of their chiefs."—This note reminds us of the private theatricals during the Burmese War, when our officers played Mr. Jerrold's "Rent Day" on the steps of a palace near Prome,—from the performance of which the military audience rose to rush upon a stockade. The Moscovs, however, are not Burmese; and whatever spirits our men in the Crimea have to spare from the stern duties of their profession seem to expend themselves on horse-racing, cricket, and excursions.

The learned commentator of Goethe, Dr. Düntzer, of Cologne, has presented the public, in a recent number of the *Cologne Gazette*, with an interesting *feuilleton* on the Lurlei Saga. He traces back the name of the famous rock to the time of the *Minnesingers*, one of whom, the Marner (*i. e.* the Mariner), mentions the *Lurtenberg*, near which, he tells us, the Nibelungen Hort is lying in the Rhine. Dr. Düntzer, in accordance with Freher (*orig.* *Palat.* II. 84), thinks this Lurtenberg is the present Lurlei,—and, illustrating his theme by references to various passages in poets, travellers and historians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he goes on to explain the name of the locality he treats of as an abode of dwarfs and goblins. From this (though he does not succeed in pointing out any distinct individual legend), he draws the inference that the late Clemens Brentano, when writing first (in 1802) his ballad of "Lore Lay," was not altogether an arbitrary inventor, but founded his rhymes on some vague tradition, still extant, perhaps, at the time of Brentano's boyhood, but now vanished, and even superseded by the more artificial compositions of Brentano and his many followers. With a critical list of these (*viz.* Aloys Schreiber, Joseph von Eichendorff, Adelheid von Stolterfoth, Heinrich Heine, Karl Simrock, Wolfgang Müller, von Königswinter and others) the interesting paper closes. The last poet fascinated by the luring nymph is Herr Emanuel von Geibel, who, some years ago, wrote the book of an opera "Lorelei," which the late Mendelssohn-Bartholdy had promised to compose, but died when he had only finished the first act. Dr. Wolfgang Menzel, of Stuttgart, in his new work, "Odin," tries to vindicate the legend of Lurlei to the people.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery, with a COLLECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ROSA BONHEUR.—In consequence of the late arrival of Miss Rosa Bonheur's Picture of "THE HORSE FAIR," THE FRENCH EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS will remain open for another month. 121, Pall Mall.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 114, Regent Street.—Additional Pictures.—The English Mortar Battery, the Mamelon and Rifle Pits, General Pelissier's Night Attack, and Mr. Ferguson's New System of Fortification, are now added to the Diorama. "The Events of the War." The Lecture by Mr. Stoecker. Daily at 3 and 8.—Admission, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, and 3*s.* Children, half-price.

ORNITHOLOGICAL EXHIBITION, Marlborough Gallery, 57, Pall Mall (opposite Marlborough House), under most distinguished patronage.—An Extraordinary, and by far the most Beautiful, COLLECTION OF BIRDS in England.—Open daily from 10 to 6. Admission, 1*s.* Children, 6*d.*

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—EXHIBITION OF THE THAMES WATER, by the OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, daily, at Four and Nine o'clock.—THE EFFECT OF RUSSIAN INFERNAL MACHINES at 3:45 and 5:45.—LECTURE ON THE HELIXES OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION, and the ARCTIC COLLECTION OF JOHN BARROW, Esq. at 1 and 7:30.—LECTURE BY J. H. PERREN, Esq. on the TRANSMISSION OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC through solid Conductors, illustrated by the Orpheus Glee Union, MONDAY at Three, and Wednesday and Friday at Three and Eight.—DISMISSING VIEWS of the late BATTLES, daily at 4:30, and Monday and Wednesday Evenings, at 9:30.—DIORAMA OF SAM SLICK, daily at Two, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings, at 9:15.—MONDAY EVENING, the 6th inst. LECTURE BY LEWIS THOMAS, Esq. on COAL and COAL GAS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THAMES WATER.—SAMPLES of the THAMES WATER from LONDON, HUNGERFORD, VAUXHALL, and RICHMOND BRIDGES, will be EXHIBITED BY J. H. PERREN, Esq. by the POWERFUL OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, DAILY, at FOUR and NINE o'clock.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
Mox. Entomological, 8.

FINE ARTS

RE-CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ON Wednesday last was printed for the benefit of Members of Parliament—about to vote the estimates for the year—the Treasury Minutes re-constituting the governing body of the National Gallery. Some of the more important parts of these Minutes we must lay before our readers,—and put on record for future use. Before issuing their new instructions, the Lords of the Treasury recapitulate the chief recommendations of the Select Committee, as follows:—

1. A Board of Trustees to be continued.—2. No person to be a Trustee *ex officio*.—3. The Trustees to be appointed by the Treasury.—4. The number of Trustees to be diminished as vacancies occur.—5. The Office of Keeper to be abolished.—6. A salaried Director to be appointed.—7. Recommendations for purchases of pictures to be made by the Director in writing to the Trustees.—8. A fixed sum to be annually voted in the Estimates, and placed at the disposal of the Trustees for the purchase of pictures.

"These recommendations," they proceed to say, "combined with other suggestions in the Report, render necessary an entire revision of the system under which the National Gallery has been managed up to this time."

A note or two on the history of the collection of pictures, and of the management of the institution—which we find conveniently to our hand in a preface to these "Minutes"—will render the proposed changes more intelligible to the reader.—"In the year 1823 the collection of pictures of the late Mr. Angerstein was negotiated for by the Treasury, and a vote was taken in the year 1824 for the purchase of them for the sum of 60,000*l.* In March, 1824, the Board of Treasury, by Minute, appointed a Keeper of the Gallery. In July, 1824, a Treasury Minute nominated a Committee of six gentlemen 'to undertake the superintendence of the National Gallery of Pictures, and to give such directions as may be necessary from time to time, for the proper conservation of them, to the Keeper, who will be instructed to conform to their orders.' The Keeper was informed accordingly, and was instructed 'in future to submit to the Committee above mentioned his requisitions for advances of money to defray the expenses of the establishment, and forward them to the Treasury, under their sanction.' In March, 1824, an Assistant Keeper and Secretary was appointed by the Treasury. He was instructed 'to attend to the Gallery on public days; to act as Secretary; and to superintend, under the Keeper, the arrangements for the admission of the public, and of the artists who study in the Gallery.'

"The Committee of gentlemen nominated by the

Treasury Minute of July, 1824, has, under the name of 'Trustees,' continued to the present time as the superintending body over the Gallery, vacancies by death or otherwise being filled up on the nomination of the First Lord of the Treasury for the time being; questions of money for the purchase of pictures, being always referred to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being, the decision of the Treasury was final; the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer being, moreover, *ex officio* Trustees of the Gallery.

"The practice as regards 'purchases of pictures' has been for the Treasury to advance, from civil contingencies, the sums necessary, and to provide, in the Estimates for the National Gallery for the year following such purchase, the sums necessary for repaying to civil contingencies the amount so advanced.

"The evidence given before the Select Committee proved that the system had not conduced to the welfare of the institution; the instructions from the Treasury were not sufficiently specific, and as the Trustees themselves did not frame any rules, neither Trustees nor officers knew what were their proper functions, or how to act on emergencies or difficulties."—These evils, it is thought, will be avoided under the new regulations.

The following are the changes proposed by the Treasury:—

Board of Management.—Trustees and Director.—My Lords are not prepared to abolish entirely the system under which the Gallery is superintended by a Board of Trustees, but they will clearly define the amount of responsibility respectively attaching to the Trustees as a body, and to the salaried "Director," whom they propose to associate with the Trustees, and on whom must be fixed the final responsibility in cases in which any difference of opinion may arise.

Their Lordships are of opinion that the continuance of Trustees is desirable, not for the purpose of sharing, except in a very limited and defined form, the responsibility of the Director, but in order to keep up a connexion between the cultivated lovers of art and the institution, to give their weight and aid, as public men, on many questions in art of a public nature that may arise, and to form an indirect though useful channel of communication between the Government of the day and the institution.

Without this aid the Director would be in a high but insulated position, reporting periodically to the Treasury, but missing the counsel and experience of the Trustees, and being without that stimulus to exertion which the knowledge of the bond of union existing between the lovers of art in this country and himself, through the medium of the Trustees, would be calculated to afford.

My Lords propose, therefore, to continue the present Board of Trustees, with the exception of the members *ex officio*, if the noblemen and gentlemen composing it will continue to act.

But they are of opinion that it will not be desirable that the vacancies occurring shall be filled up until the present number shall be reduced to four, and that thereafter it shall not at any time exceed six; vacancies as they occur being filled up by the First Lord of the Treasury; no person being appointed or acting in virtue of any office he may hold.

My Lords propose to appoint a Director of the National Gallery, with a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum, such appointment to be for a term of five years, but the Director to be eligible for re-appointment, which appointment, however, may be at any time revoked by the Treasury.

My Lords consider it a fortunate circumstance that they are able to select for the first appointment to this important office, a gentleman of such high attainments as Sir C. Eastlake, who is President of the Royal Academy, and has shown qualifications of the highest order for the office.

The Trustees and the Director being thus appointed, my Lords proceed to define the duties and the limit of responsibility attaching to each, before they proceed to fix the remainder of the establishment of the institution and the system of accounts and payments.

The Trustees will hold meetings at the Gallery in Trafalgar Square on the first Monday in every month during the session of Parliament, (and at such times, when Parliament is not sitting, as the Director may consider necessary), being duly summoned by the Secretary.

No quorum of Trustees will be necessary to legalize proceedings.

The Director will attend all the meetings, unless prevented by illness or other unavoidable cause; the Secretary will also attend.

The Trustees will have before them the minutes of proceedings, the Director's report or statement respecting offers of pictures for sale, and respecting bequests and donations, together with all other reports and communications, special or ordinary, relating to the establishment, which in the opinion of the Director should be submitted to the Trustees.

In the event of the Director proposing the purchase of any picture, the Trustees may either sanction such purchase on the grounds submitted, or if they object to sanction it, and the Director should still propose to act on his own opinion, they may cause their dissent, together with their reasons, to be entered in the minutes, and the whole proceedings shall be submitted to Parliament along with the Annual Report on the Gallery, which will in future accompany the estimate.

In cases admitting of no delay, where the Director may have completed a purchase before a meeting of the Board could be called, the approval or disapproval of the Trustees on receiving the report will be recorded as above.

As offers of pictures may be sometimes made to the Trustees directly, and as the Trustees might occasionally be disposed to take the initiative in suggesting the purchase of pictures, such proposals or suggestions may be made by them after the Director's report has been disposed of. The decision of the Director on such proposals, after due inquiry, would be final; but the Trustees will have the power of recording a protest in the minutes, as above.

The Trustees may also make any suggestions they desire respecting the management of the establishment or of the Gallery; but on all such suggestions, the decision of the Director will be final. The Trustees, if they wish it, having the suggestions and the decision recorded in the minutes.

The appointments of attendants and of all the officers rests with this Board; and all recommendations to the Treasury should be made on the responsibility of the Director.

Two of the Trustees will attest by their signatures the correctness of the general report of the Director respecting the state of the pictures in the Gallery, such report being a statement of facts only, irrespective of any recommendations based thereupon.

The Trustees, or any one of them, will communicate from time to time with Her Majesty's Government officially on the affairs of the National Gallery when they think fit, and lend to the Director their assistance, co-operation, and advice in any steps to be taken in respect of them.

Subject, therefore, to such regulations and directions as may from time to time be issued by my Lords, the management of the National Gallery, and the care and ordering of such national property as may be deposited therein, will henceforward be vested in Trustees and a Director; and my Lords entertain a strong hope, that although the relation of the Trustees and the Director may appear anomalous, yet that the system will in practice work harmoniously, and that it will be found, that while on the one hand the responsibility and authority of the Director remain clearly defined and paramount, yet that the publicity to be given to the proceedings at the meetings of the Trustees, when a difference of opinion arises, will have its due influence on the judgment of the Director, and render a resort to the alternative herein provided of the rarest possible occurrence.

The Director's Duties.—The chief duties of the Director, in addition to his functions at the Board of Trustees, will consist in the selection and purchase, or recommendation for purchase, of pictures for the National Gallery, and in the arrangement, description and conservation of the collection.

One of the most important duties of the Director, and one which will require great care and attention, will be to construct a correct history of every picture in the collection, including its repairs, and describing accurately its present condition, which history will be continued from time to time by new entries as occasion may require.

The selection of pictures must, of course, be left in a great measure to the judgment of the Director, aided by the Trustees, but my Lords are of opinion that, as a general rule, preference should be given to fine pictures for sale abroad. As regards the finer works of art in this country, it may be assumed that, although they may change hands, they will not leave our shores, whereas the introduction of fine works from abroad would form a positive addition to the treasures of art in England.

My Lords are also of opinion that, as a general rule, preference should be given to good specimens of the Italian schools, including those of the earlier masters. It must, however, be clearly understood that their Lordships do not intend in any way to fetter the Trustees and Director in their choice, but that they must use their discretion as circumstances arise.

My Lords propose, in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee, to insert annually in the Estimate for the National Gallery a sum expressly for the purchase of pictures. This sum need not be annually expended, but might accumulate, and thus enable the Trustees and Director to purchase a fine collection at once, if such an opportunity should offer.

In cases of sudden emergency should arise, it will be competent for the Director to purchase a picture out of the sum so voted, and, as he will do this entirely on his own responsibility, it will be necessary that the reasons for the purchase should be fully stated in writing, and placed on record at the next ensuing meeting of the Trustees.

In the event of the Director recommending a larger purchase than the grant at the disposal of the Treasury can meet, his recommendation and the opinion of the Trustees thereon, after being inserted on the minutes, must be forwarded to my Lords for their consideration.

My Lords are of opinion that, for the present, the loan or temporary deposit of pictures in the National Gallery should not be permitted.

If it shall be decided by the Trustees, on the recommendation of the Director, to remove any picture from the collection, either for the purpose of lending it to some provincial collection, or as a permanent measure, a report, stating the reasons for this, must be made to my Lords, and their sanction obtained.

Travelling Agent.—In order to enable the Trustees and Director the more easily to acquire fine pictures that may be offered for sale on the Continent, my Lords propose to appoint "a travelling agent," with a salary of 300*l.* a year, whose duties will be to visit the private collections of distinguished families abroad, ascertaining and describing the contents, and obtaining the earliest information of any intended sale. The agent will be paid his travelling and personal expenses on a scale hereafter to be fixed.

The officer next in rank to the Director will be **The Keeper and Secretary.**—The Committee of the House of Commons recommend the abolition of the office of "Keeper"; but, as it is essential to the safe custody of

the valuable collection and the security of the building that a responsible person should reside at the Gallery, my Lords are of opinion that the functions of Secretary to the Director and the Board of Trustees should be performed by an officer who is also well qualified to perform the duties of Keeper, and that thus a joint office of Keeper and Secretary should be created.

The Keeper and Secretary will have a salary of 750*l.* a year. He will reside in the building, occupying the rooms heretofore occupied by the Sub-keeper and Secretary, with the present board-room as his office; he will be allowed fuel for the office-room only, and the conditions in regard to taxes payable for the private rooms he occupies will remain unaltered.

This officer will have a most important duty to perform, which will impose upon him, for years to come, great labour and much research.—[References is here made to a proposed Catalogue of all the Masters, according to a scheme proposed by Prince Albert.]

The great and useful work thus detailed will be completed by the Keeper and Secretary, under the supervision of the Director. The other duties of the Keeper and Secretary will be to attend the meetings of the Board, to draw up and prepare the minutes, and to conduct all the necessary official correspondence.

Any recommendations relating to the establishment, made by the Secretary to the Board, must be approved by the Director before they are so submitted.

He will receive his instructions from the Director, and must implicitly follow them in every respect as regards the arrangements, both in Trafalgar Square and Marlborough House.

He will prepare proper pay-lists for the Paymaster-general, and will transmit to the Commissioners of Audit monthly statements and a yearly account properly vouched.

The admission of artists and others, to copy pictures, will be superintended by the Keeper, under the regulations to be issued by the Director.

The compilation and continuation of the Historical Catalogues of the pictures forming the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square and Marlborough House (which are sold to the public) will be undertaken by the Keeper in his capacity of Secretary, as a part of his ordinary duties, subject to the revision and approval of the Director.

As regards the sale of catalogues, my Lords are of opinion that the course followed in other cases should be adopted here, and that in lieu of applying the proceeds of the sale of the catalogues in diminution of the charge for the National Gallery, the sums so received should be paid to Her Majesty's Paymaster-general at Whitehall, who will pay the same into the Exchequer, and the whole charge will henceforward be voted by the House of Commons on Estimates.

Travelling Charges.—In the event of its being desirable that the Director or Keeper should travel with a view to the interests of the Gallery, a statement of the object will be submitted to the Trustees in the first instance, and afterwards to the Treasury, for the sanction of my Lords, with the remarks of the Trustees, if any, thereon; and if approved by their Lordships, they shall define in their sanction the extent to which the costs of such journey will be allowed, in accordance with the rules in analogous cases. At the conclusion of any such journey undertaken, a special report in respect thereto shall be made by the Director or Keeper, as the case may be.

As regards the "Travelling Agent," it is probable that he will be absent from this country during the greater part of the year, and my Lords have fixed his salary at a moderate rate, in consideration of the additional allowance to which he will be entitled while absent on his professional duties on the Continent.

This officer will be required to keep a diary, which can be produced when called for, in order to satisfy his employers that he has been sufficiently industrious and active, and he will also be required to present a report, at the conclusion of each journey, of his proceedings.

The instructions conclude with an order appointing Sir C. Lock Eastlake, Director; Mr. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, and M. Otto Münder, Travelling Agent.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A sharp debate and close division took place on the vote for the National Gallery. The sum named in the estimates is 17,695*l.*, which includes the salaries of the newly-appointed officers and the amount proposed to be expended in the purchase of pictures. Of this sum 1,455*l.* are assigned as "salary and travelling expenses" to M. Otto Münder, the travelling agent named in the new regulations. A cry was raised against this part of the vote. Messrs. Otway, Spooner, Dillwyn, and Brady spoke against the appointment of M. Münder to this office, in place of a native artist; and, in spite of the appeals and explanations of Mr. James Wilson, the appointment was only sustained on a division by a majority of seven. In this course we cannot but think the minority was a little unreasonable.

Assuredly opposition came with a bad grace from members who are daily clamouring for "the right man in the right place." M. Münder—if he be all that he is said to be in regard to qualification—is a wise selection for travelling agent. The French Exhibition in Pall Mall,—now adorned with the great picture of the 'Horse Fair,'—will remain open all through August. With a

liberality not yet common in this country, the directors of this very attractive gallery have thrown open their doors, free of charge, to all artists and Art-students. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's picture has created a "sensation." Nor is Fashion foolish in flocking to look at this work, and in talking about it as one of the most remarkable pictures ever exhibited by artist. The composition—a confused procession of horses, ridden, driven, and led by grooms as divers as the quadrupeds—has an ease, a vigour, and a variety nothing short of masterly. The absence of theatrical effect or trick in arrangement is remarkable; not merely as betokening perfect knowledge of the subject treated, but as producing an effect of reality which is worth its weight in gold, when the reality does not become prosaic. The long line of trees crossing the canvas as background, and only broken by the group to the right straggling up the bank, might in meaner hands have given the picture a formal and unpleasant air. The force with which the animals are touched—the spirit, motion, noise of the troop—are likewise wonderful, if even the sex of the painter is laid out of the question. The tone of colouring is lower and more lurid than we altogether like. It may be objected, too, that forcible as is the entire work, certain of the objects, especially in the lower portions of the picture, are not sufficiently detached from each other, owing to Mlle. Bonheur's predilections in shadow and demi-tint. This has been explained to us on the hypothesis of the dust caused by so much rapid and violent motion—but we are apt to question pictures needing explanation. Mlle. Bonheur's dappled greys have the force and splendour of Rubens. Nor are her human beings neglected: to instance only one among the many figures,—the rider, whose brawny and bared arm is hardly sufficient to rein in his horse, may challenge our own Sir Edwin, when he is most athletic in some hunting-piece.—What faults there may be in this picture in short are faults of excess, of affluence, of irresistible power,—not of deficiency. This fine picture is sold—to an Englishman—but not a resident in England,—for a trifle under 2,000*l*. Mlle. Bonheur has painted a reduced copy for the engraver, which is now in Mr. Thomas Landseer's hands. The second picture has been purchased by Mr. Jacob Bell.

Among the many "improvements" which we English may derive from the *Exposition* in the Elysian Fields of Paris, one may be found in the verdicts passed by French critics and connoisseurs on matters strange to them. They furnish to all who amuse themselves with national diversities some of the pleasantest gossip of the time. The other day (for instance) we called attention to M. Viardot's remark on the Louvre Gallery, deprecating the utter absence of English pictures from that collection. Nor was his book required to tell us how singular has been the amount of French indifference to all that our painters, old or young, have been doing, or can do. Times and humours, however, are in process of changing. The old-fashioned tone of contempt is passing away from our neighbours. A selection from the French criticisms on the English *quota* contributed to the Exhibition of Fine Arts might be as useful a boon to our Exhibition-goers as Mr. Ruskin's dithyramb on the wonders of the Royal Academy, which (we hear) missionary ladies thrust, unasked, on strangers,—when strangers speak treason against the pomegranate-coloured children in the 'House on Fire,' and ask innocently what has become of the figure of the cherub *Cornelia* at the foot of the stairs, who is pressing forward to receive her "jewels" with a burst of ballet-ecstasy. It is true that our neighbours, like ourselves, have critics more eloquent than exact. The other day, by way of instance, a *feuilleton* was published by Madame Dudevant, in *La Presse*, on modern Italian *Majolica*, à propos of the contributions exhibited in Paris by M. Freppa of Florence. To this artist, Madame Dudevant ascribes the revival of the art of making and decorating that picturesque and pictorial decoration of earthenware. M. Freppa, too, is skilled as a decorator of the highest class, if we are to put trust in the following paraphrased commendations of him, by one who confesses herself

to be extraordinarily fastidious in the chapter of decoration:—

After what we have seen of these productions at Florence [writes Madame Dudevant], we are certain that they [i. e., the *majolica* exhibited in Paris] will attract the attention of our amateurs. But we cannot part company from our cheerful recollections of Florence without calling up, in the midst of its bowers of gigantic azaleas, the exquisite *Casa Pandolfini*, decorated within by M. Freppa. The Lady of the palace, last descendant of Leo the Tenth, has done honour to her origin in choosing an antiquary of so much merit and inspiration to embellish her mansion. * * * The *Casa Pandolfini* (for, thank Heaven, it is a house) is the only one in which we have conceived it possible to live without a spite against ornaments of human invention:—without feeling a wish to escape from marbles and gilding to some wild ravine among brambles and boulder-stones,—there to find (no matter where or how) an unpremeditated simplicity of nature, unexpected effects of form and colour. In the *Casa* may be seen three or four charming rooms (of no overgrown size) furnished, according to modern eclecticism, with all sorts of beautiful ancient things,—over which preside a noble taste, a general harmony. The arrangement of furniture is at once picturesque and commodious. The woodwork of the wardrobes, cabinets, and chests, in black oak, with ornaments carved and gilt on the oak itself, seemed to us something entirely new, though referable to an old venerable type,—giving a repose to all that is to be seen on every side,—an effect at once sweet and severe, rich and simple.

—Very picturesque is the above, even in English, though going far and running wild for the sake of antithesis. It is comical to think of a single *Casa Pandolfini*, or any mountain gorge, being the only spots habitably ornamented which a George Sand's taste can endure. The Lady's praise, however, we will accept as merited, in spite of its exaggeration.—But the distinction betwixt the amateurship that stops short on a few favourite works and the connoisseurship that acquaints itself with all that has been done, or is doing, in any given branch of Art—has rarely been more clearly indicated than in this very ode addressed by Madame Dudevant to the restorer of Italian *Majolica*. This *Freppa-ware* so enthusiastically praised by her cannot be of a higher order than the New Berlin *Majolica*, last year exhibited at the Munich Exhibition, in the manufacture of which (so far as inquiry made on the subject serves us) no Italian artists have, or had, share. The perfection of that ware was noticed in the *Athenæum* [vide No. 1395]. Yet, after all, it is the design that constitutes the value in this homely earthenware; not the fineness of the paste, not the harmony of the colours. Nor will it satisfy those who really love Art—for what Art should be,—a creation that is, not a reproduction,—if Signor Freppa, or the *Herr* who oversees the ovens at Berlin, can treat purchasers to something so like a reminiscence of Raphael that connoisseurs may well doubt its parentage, if they do not happen to possess a Beckford's encyclopaedical memory,—and cannot tell what has become of every single dish, tureen, and pilgrim's bottle that Sanzio sketched for.—A new ware, with a new humour, is the *desideratum*, and not new-old *majolica*, be it as exquisite as that vouched for by Madame Dudevant, or as perfect a *fac-simile* as certain specimens from the *Porzellan Fabrik* of Munich, which adorn certain walls in London that we could name.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Overture to Shakespeare's Macbeth: Duett. Arranged by E. Loder. (Addison & Co.).—Whose overture this we are not told. Two or three of the well-known old English tunes, which so long passed as Lock's music, are interwoven into the composition, which, thus made up, has a certain effect,—partly, from its intrinsic ingenuity—partly, owing to association. Mr. E. Loder has effected his arrangement like a well-trained musician, and one who ought to have held a high position among English musicians. Still, as an overture *per se*, this will not supersede other preludes to the same tragedy which have been already written,—among which Dr. Spohr's fine but gloomy *Overture* may be ranked first and foremost.

The music written for Mr. C. Kean's edition of *King Henry the Eighth*, by Mr. J. L. Hatton, and published in Pianoforte arrangement by Messrs. Campbell, Ransford & Co., is good enough to claim notice out of the theatre. It consists of an overture,

entr'acte, pageant music, and the part-song 'Orpheus with his lute.' This last we set aside, because, pleasing and graceful though it be, there was no necessity for it to supersede former settings of Shakespeare's exquisite lyric by Linley and Bishop:—the last, one of Sir Henry's best two-part songs. But the instrumental music is of good quality, as regards the ideas, and not secondhand German,—in part, because Mr. Hatton has properly wrought up old English themes and metres,—but in part, also, because there is a certain stuff of nationality in him. Why this should not have been developed more freely and forcibly than is the case,—why Mr. Hatton, who writes such fresh English glees and such clever English incidental stage-music, should not yet have approached English opera nearer than his 'Pascal Bruno,' which was produced at Vienna,—we need not now inquire. Enough to say, that this music to 'Henry the Eighth' is calculated to do credit both to the composer and to the theatre which commissioned the composer to write it.—Having touched on arrangements of orchestral music, we may here announce an *Overture to the Pilgrims' Cantata*, composed and arranged for four Hands. By C. Perkins. (Richardson, Boston, U.S.).—This is a publication creditable to the musical press of the 'Land of Promise.' For the reasons which render further criticism in the *Athenæum* inexpedient, any one interested in the matter may be referred to the American musical journals.

To the above we add announcements of a *Marzuka Brilliant*, by Edgar Newbert, (property of the Composer).—Here may be also mentioned *Par-tant pour la Syrie*, *Polka Militaire*, and *Merry-legs*, *New Scottische*, by Gerald Stanley, (Addison & Co.).—In the first of these, the not very refined tune of Queen Hortense and M. Carbonel, her musical confidant, is vulgarized needlessly.—*Drops in the Sea of Waltzes*, by Joseph Gungl, Op. 118, (Scheurmann & Co.), is a waltz in the old Vienna style, which Strauss, Lanner and Labitzky have almost made classical. But Herr Gungl comes after these dance-masters, and comes, accordingly, with only a fourth-hand charm.

SIGNOR GORDIGIANI'S CONCERT.—Could an audience be gathered at this late period of the season to hear the most gracious and tasteful of modern *Canzoni* elegantly sung, *Signor Gordigiani* ought to have had a crowded room on Tuesday, instead of the scanty assemblage which answered his call. Truth to say, however, the Signor's compositions come hardly within the domain of concert-music. They belong rather to the oriel,—to the terrace,—to the intimate circle made up of one refined singer and a few listeners,—to our choicest hours of quiet pleasure, in which, while nothing recondite is demanded, nothing that is commonplace can be endured. More than ever on Tuesday, when some half-dozen of Signor Gordigiani's compositions were introduced, did we feel their completeness and grace. 'Impressione,' a delicious *romanza*, sung by Signor Ciabatta—'L'Esule,' by Signor Belletti—'Il Giuoco della Morra,' by Signori Bettini and Ciabatta—and 'E m'è venuto un abbaglione,' by Miss Dolby, are all, after their kind, trinkets, if not "gems." As if, moreover, to show how completely Signor Gordigiani may claim credit as founder of a school, two specimens, by Signori Piusanti and Campana, were added, in which the Tuscan composer's manner has been obviously and fairly well imitated. A Madame Wilhelmy, an average German *soprano* who is new to London, made her appearance on this occasion. Signor Belletti sung *Peter's* romance from 'L'Étoile' so finely as to make us wish he had sung the entire part here. Herr Halle played, also M. Paque. Signor Gordigiani accompanied his own *Canzoni*, and, we suppose, he may be allowed to do what he likes with his own property. But how is it that so many Italian *maestri*, full of grace in their vocal thoughts, are so heavy and cruel in their treatment of the pianoforte? Is it that they do not care?—that they will not hear?—or that they cannot learn to play?

HAYMARKET.—On Monday there was an entire change of performance, in order to make room for

the appearance of Señor Manuel Perez, an eccentric Spanish dancer, who performed the part of an amorous Abbé in the ballet of 'Gallegos y Gitanos.' His oddities are at once extravagant and elegant. He was assisted by Señora Perea Nena; who also appeared with him in 'La Tarantella.' These new terpsichorean productions were preceded by the old play of 'The Stranger,' in which Miss Edith Hernad performed the part of Mrs. Haller. On Wednesday, the play of 'Wife, or No Wife' was repeated.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Wright returned on Monday. The occasion was productive of nothing new; and 'Paul Pry,' as usual, served for the vehicle of the comedian's re-appearance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A paragraph in the *Morning Post* announces that Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, 'Tam O'Shanter,' will be performed at one of the concerts of the Birmingham Festival.

We are glad to perceive that the Town Council of Liverpool has been wise enough to appoint Mr. Best as organist to St. George's Hall, with a sufficient salary. At the meeting when this appointment was ratified, it was stated that the organ had cost upwards of 10,000*l*.

The past, so far as London theatricals are concerned, may be called the Rachel week. During these seven days the great French actress has appeared in four plays—for each performance (we are assured by a statement in the *Morning Post*) receiving 200*l*. clear. Such a figure cannot be quoted without a pause of inquiry by any person who is acquainted with the limited accommodations and probable receipts at the *St. James's Theatre*. The article which announced this contained, too, the "budget" of Mlle. Rachel's American year that is coming, in which the Lady's clear gains were fixed at 50,000*l*.—not conjecturally. Who can wonder if, by such statements and prospects as these, the "acting, singing, dancing mind" of Europe, becomes fatally unsettled, and if the creator can no longer find exultants at his disposal?

Operationally, the past has been the Meyerbeer week at Covent Garden. Three of the composer's grand operas have been given five times during seven days,—*'Le Prophète'* for the first time this year on Tuesday. Madame Viardot never acted the part of *Fides* with more spirit, or sang it with fuller, finer voice, than on this occasion. Mlle. Mara's *Berta* is excellent;—the best which has been heard in London or Paris. Signor Tamberlik's war-canticle, at the close of the second act, is more forcible and brilliant than Signor Mario's version of the same hymn. Neither one nor the other, however, gives us the *Prophet* with his fanatic enthusiasm: the part being the loftiest one in the range of tenor parts. Owing to the employment as tenor Anabaptist of Signor Luigi Mei (why should not Signor Lucchesi have taken the part?), it is found necessary to cut out the entire tent-scene. So crowded, moreover, have grand performances been of late at the *Royal Italian Opera*, that *'Le Prophète'* (it was said in the theatre) was revived without rehearsal.—For the night or two of the season which remain, Signor Tagliafico has been promoted to Signor Lablache's part in *'L'Étoile'*,—the engagement of the greater *basso* having terminated on Monday last.

"Some Remarks on Mozart's overture to 'Die Zauberflöte,'" which appeared in one of the *New Philharmonic Concert* books, have been reprinted "for private circulation" by their author, Mr. Pole. To the same gentleman, if we mistake not, we owe a clever tract 'On the Musical Instruments in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851,'—like the pamphlet before us, a reprint, and which was, therefore, passed by, at the time: but which forms, nevertheless, a contribution to our musical collections of value. There is so little agreeable reading on the subject belonging to English literature that, though we cannot review a second edition of such a trifle as these 'Remarks' on the 'Zauberflöte' overture, we may here call attention to it,—expressing, also, a wish that we may meet Mr. Pole

in some more substantial form of musical literature. This done, let us add a hint or two. Mr. Pole has forgotten the curious coincidence betwixt the subject of the *Allegro* in the overture and that of a quick movement in a *Sonata* by Clementi. Nor does he seem fully to have apprehended that when Mozart wrote for the theatre of Shikanaer, there may have been as little idea of his writing a regular opera as of his attempting a masonic mystery, into which the 'Zauberflöte' has been tortured by certain German critics. Who would think of counting Mr. Planché's 'Island of Jewels' or 'White Cat' as plays?—still less as works in which some deep social truth was symbolised. The Vienna *extravaganzas*, of which 'Die Zauberflöte' was one, belong to the same family. But we must not wander too far into remark, when our purpose was simple announcement.

Is she a Heathen, or is she a Hindoo?
asks *Some one of Somebody*, in one of the merry *extravaganzas* with which the stage has teemed of late years. Parodying the jingle of this query, we may ask,—

Have we a Lancham, or have we a Leicester?
—in the new Master of Revels, who is just now busying himself in Warwickshire,—and whose jousts and dainty devices to come are announced in a paragraph, which we transcribe from a Birmingham paper, as follows:—

"The celebrity obtained by the recent festivities at Dudley Castle during the last Whitsuntide has led to the undertaking of *obsequies* on an equally gigantic scale on the more romantic scene of the 'Ruins of Kenilworth Castle,' under the direction of Mr. Bunn, who seems to have provided a treat of no ordinary character. The grounds and ruins, the use of which is permitted by the Earl of Clarendon, the owner, are admirably suited to the purposes of display, and we observe that Mr. Bunn contemplates the production of *tableaux* from Sir Walter Scott's delightful novel. Dissolving views, illuminations, the electric light, and a magnificent pyrotechnic display are also included in the entertainment, the charms of which will be still further enhanced by an efficient band. * * In order that the Kenilworth Revels may in every respect accord with their ancient prototypes, a fat ox will be roasted, and accompanied by an ample supply of bread and beer, be distributed to the neighbouring poor. The comfort of visitors has been secured by an arrangement with the North-Western Railway Company, who will run special trains every half-hour."

—Who will not shrink from a precedent like this? Fancy Sebastian's marriage-dance revived at Holyrood, *auspice* M. Julien (with a blowing-up of the Kirk of Field, by the incomparable Messrs. Danson)—Fancy any other great historical site thus desecrated by *Astley* work!

Palestrina appears to have found a home in the Rhine-land. We have once or twice adverted to performances of his sacred music at Brühl, near Cologne, and may now record, on the authority of foreign journals, that the Society of Schoolmasters and Organists,—on the forty-fourth anniversary of its formation,—sang his 'Missa Brevis,' at the Church of Saint Cecilia, in Cologne.—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, we learn by letters from the *Brummen*, has been singing at a Concert at Ems for the benefit of Madame Schumann.

MISCELLANEA

Thomas Clarkson.—"I was glad to see in your number of July 21 your testimony to the fact—in attempting to controvert which the younger Wilberforces so greatly lowered themselves—that Thomas Clarkson was the first Abolitionist. My object is, to ask whether it is not disgraceful to this country that no public memorial of any kind has ever been erected to that venerable philanthropist? A year could hardly have elapsed after the death of Wilberforce before he was commemorated (as he well deserved to be) in Westminster Abbey,—not indeed with such a monument as he deserved, but by that grinning Z which distresses the wanderer through the north transept; still, it is in Westminster Abbey,—but he who was first in the field, who underwent all the labour and toil, and supplied from his own painfully-earned experience the food which nourished Wilberforce's oratory,—he rests in a secluded Suffolk churchyard, without any other memorial than a plain headstone, which his still-surviving widow has placed above his grave.

K. A. W."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. M.—W. J. R.—C. R. S.—H. C.—Ghost of Wordsworth.—F. M. (Bombay)—E. P. H.—received.

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